

# The Tragical History Of the LIFE and DEATH of Doctor Faustus.

Printed with New Additions as it is now Acted. With several  
New Scenes, together with the Actors Names.

Written by C. H. MAR.



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## The ACTORS Names.

F<sup>Augustus.</sup>

Mephostophilie,

Good Angell.

Bad Angell.

Trees Scholers.

Seven Deadlie Sinner.

Lucifer, Belzebub, three Devils more.

Duke and Dutches of Saxonie,

Emperour of Faryney.

Frederick.

Merrino. { Three Gentlemen.

Benvolio.

Solamaine the Emperour and Empery.

Mustapher. { Two Bawhawes,

Caleph.

Robin the Clowne.

Dick the Hoster.

Garter.

Herscouser,

Hoffie.

Majestans.



# THE TRAGEDY OF Doctor Faustus.

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Enter Chorus.

**N**ot marching in the fields of *Tharsimenes*,  
Where Mars did make the warlike *Carthagena*,  
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,  
In Courts of Kings, where state is over-turn'd :  
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,  
Intends our muse to vaunt his heavenly verse :  
Only this (Gentles) we must now performe,  
The form of *Faustus* fortunes, good or bad :  
And now to patient judgements we appeal,  
And speak for *Faustus* in his infancy.  
Now is he born of parents base of stock,  
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes,  
A riper years to *Wittenberg* he wens,  
Whereas his kinsman chiefly brought him up.  
So much he profits in divinity,  
That shortly he was grac'd with Doctors name,  
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute  
In' heavenly matters of Theology :  
Till swolne with cunning, and a self conceit,  
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,  
And melting, heavens became his overthrow :  
For falling to a Devillish exercise,  
And glutted now with learnings goldengifts,  
He surfeits on the curst Necromancy,

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Nothing so sweet, as Magick is to him,  
Which he prefers before his chieftest bliss,  
And this the man that in his study fits.

Faustus in his study.

Faust. Settle thy studie Faustus and begin  
To sound the depth of that thou wlt profess,  
Having commencid by a divine in shew,  
Yet leve<sup>d</sup> at the end of every Art,  
And live and die in Aristotles works.

Sweet Anolitickes, tis thou hast ravisht me,  
*Bene diffireret est finis Logices.*

Is no dispute well logikes chieftest end ?

Affords this Art no greater miracle ?

Then read no more, thou hast attain'd that end  
A greater subject fitteth Faustus wit :

Bid Orcozomy farewell, and Galen come,

Be a Physician Faustus, heap up gold,

And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure :

*Summum bonum medicinae satanas.*

The end of Phyfick is our bodies health :

Why Faustus haft thou not attain'd that end ?

Are not thy Bills hung up as monuments,

Whereby whole Cities haue escap'd the plague,

And divers desperate maladies been cur'd ?

Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.

Couldst thou make men to live eternally,

Or being dead raise men to life agayne,

Then this profession were to be extem'd

Phyfick farewell where is Justinian ?

*Si una eadem quare rebus legatus duobus,*

*Alior rem, alter utrum rem sit, &c.*

A pety case of paltry legacies,

Succession, fictions non posse Pater, nisi &c.

Such is the subject of the Institute,

And universal body of the law,

This study fits a mercenary drudge,

Whymes at nothing but eternal trash,

Too servile and illiberal for me.

When all is done Divinity is best:

Jeromes Bible Faustus view it well:

*Stipendium peccati mors est, ha? Stipendium, &c.*

The reward of sin is death? that's hard,

*Sic peccatis negamus, fallimur, quoniam est in nobis veritas:*

If we say we have no sinne,

VVe deceive our selves, and there is no truth in us.

VVhy then belike we must sinne,

And so consequently die.

I, we must die an everlasting death.

VVhat doctrine call you this? *Che sera, sera?*

VVhat shall be, shall be: Divinity adieu.

These Metaphyficks of Magicians,

And negromantick books are heavenly,

Lines, circles, letters, Characters:

I, these are those that Faustus most deffices.

O what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, and omnipotence

Is promis'd to the studious Artizan?

All things that move between the quiet poles,

Shall be at my command: Emperors and Kings

Are but obey'd in their several Provinces:

But his dominion that exceeds in this,

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man:

A sound Magician is a Demi-god,

Here clime my brains to get a Delsy.

*Enter Wag.*

Wag. command me to my dearest friends,

The Germane Valdes and Cornelius;

Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will sir,

*Exit.*

Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me,  
Than all my labours, plod I here so full.

*Enter the Angel and Spirit.*

Good Ang. Of Faustus lay this damned book aside,  
And gaze not on it, least it tempt thy heart to blasphemy.

Bad Ang. Go forward Faustus in this famous art

*Whooom*

# The Tragical History

Wherein all Natures treasure is contain'd :

Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,

Lord and commander of these Elements.

Exit Ang.

Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this ?

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please ?

Resolve me of all ambiguities ?

Perform what desperate enterprises I will ?

I'le have them flye to *India* for Gold,

Ransack the Ocean for Orient Pearl,

And search all corners of the new found world

For pleasant fruits, and princely delicacies.

I'le have them read me strange Philosophy,

And tell the secrets of all forraign Kings :

I'le have them wall all *Germany* with Brasse,

And with swift *Rhine* circle all *Wittenberg* :

I'le have them fill the publick Schools with skill,

Wherewith the Students shall be bravely clad,

I'le levy Souldiers with the coyn they bring,

And chase the Prince of *Parma* from our land,

And reign sole King of all the Provinces :

Yea stranger Engines for the brunt of war,

Than was the fiery keel at *Antwerpe* bridge,

I'le make my servile spirits to invert,

Come *Germane Valdes* and *Cornelius*,

*Enter Valdes*

And make me wise with your sage conference.

*and Cornel.*

*Valdes*, sweet *Valdes* and *Cornelius*,

Knew that your words have won me at the last,

To practise magick and concealed Arts,

Philosophy is odious and obscure :

Both law and physick are for petty wits,

Tis Magick, Magick that hath ravish'd me,

Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt,

And I that have with subtle Syllogismes

Gravel'd the pastors of the *Germane* Church,

And made the flowring pride of *Wittenberg*,

Swarme to my Problemes, as thinefained spirites

On sweet *Museus* when he came to Hell,

Will be as cunning as *Agrippa* was,

Whose

# of Doctor Faustus.

Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

*Val.* Faustus. These books thy wit, and our experience,  
Shall make all nations canonize us.  
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish Lords:  
So shall the spirits of every element,  
Be alwaies serviceable to us three:  
Like lyons shall they guard us when we please;  
Like Almain Rusters with their horsemens slaves,  
Or Lopland Giants trotting by our sides.  
Sometimes like women or unwedded maids,  
Shawdoing more beauty in their Aerie brows,  
Than have the white brests of the Queen of Love,  
From Venice they shall drag whole Argosies,  
And from America the golden Fleece,  
That yearly stuffs old Philips treasury;  
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

*Faust. Valdes.* As resolute am I in this,  
As thou to live: therefore object it not.

*Corn.* The miraclous that Magick will perform,  
Will make thee vow to study nothing else,  
He that is grounded in Astrology,  
Inricht with tongues, well seen in Minerals,  
Hath all the Principles Magick doth require:  
Then doubt not Faustus but to be renown'd,  
And more frequented for this mystery,  
Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle.  
The spirites tell me they can dry the Sea,  
And fetch the treasure of all forrain wreckes:  
Yea, all the wealth that our fore-fathers hid,  
Within the massive intrales of the earth:  
Then tell me Faustus what shall we three want.

*Faust.* Nothing Cornelius, O this cheert my soul,  
Come, shew me some demonstrations Magical,  
that I may conjure in some bushy grove,  
And have these Joyes in full possession.

*Vald.* Then hast thee to some solitary grove,  
And bear wise Bacons and Albenus works,  
The Hebrew Psalter, and new testament,

And

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And whatsoe're else is requisite,

We will informe thee ere our conference cease,

*Cor. Valdes.* First let him know the words of Art,

And then all other ceremonies learn'd,

*Faufus* may try his cunning by himself.

*Val.* First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,

And then will thou be perfecter then I.

*Fauft.* Then come and dine with me, and after meat,

We'll canuate every quiddity thereof:

For ere I sleep I'll try what I can doe,

This night I'll conjure though I die therefore,

*Exsult omnes.*

*Enter two Schollers.*

*1 Sch.* I wonder what become of *Faufus* that was wont to make our Schooles ring with sic probo.

*Enter Wag.*

*2 Sch.* That shall we presently know, here comes his boy.

*1 Sch.* How now firrah, where's thy Master?

*Wag.* God in heaven knowes,

*2 Sch.* Why, dost not thou know then?

*Wag.* Yes I know but that follows not,

*1 Sch.* Go to firrah, leave your Jesting, and tell where he is.

*Wag.* That followes not by force of argument, which you being *Licentiates* should stand upon, therefore acknowledge your errour, and be attentive.

*2 Sch.* Then you will not tell us?

*Wag.* You are deceiv'd, for I will tell you: yet if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question. For is it not *Corpis naturale*, and is not that *mobile*? then wherefore should you ask me such a question? but that I am by nature *flegmatick*, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love I would say) it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt but to see you both hanged the next Sessions. Thus having triumpht over you, I will set my countenance like a *Preciflyng*, and begin to speake thus: truly my deare Brethren, my Master is within at dinner with *Valdes* and *Cornelius*, as this Wine if it could speak would informe your worships; and so the Lord blest

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bless you, preserve you, and keep you my dear brethren.

Exit.

1 Sch. O Faustus then I fear the which I have long suspected,  
That thou art fallen into the damned art,  
For which they two are infamous thorow the world,

2 Sch. Wvere he a stranger nos allied to me,  
The danger of his foul would make me mourn :  
But come let us go, and inform the Rector,  
It may be his grave counsel may reclame;

1 Sch. I fear me nothing will reclame him now.

2 Sch. Yet let us see what we can do. Exeunt;

Thunder, Enter Lucifer and four Devils, Faustus to them with this speech.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,  
Longing to view Orions drifting lock,  
Leaps from the Antartick world unto the skie,  
And dims the Welkin with his pitchy breath,  
Faustus begin thine Incantations,  
And try if Divels will obey thy Heft,  
Seeing thou hast prai'd and sacrific'd to them.  
Within this circle is the names of all internal spirits,  
And Characters of Signes and crying Stars,  
By which the spirits are inforc'd to rise :  
Then fear not Faustus to be resolute,  
And try the utmost Magick can perform :

Thunder. Sint mibi Deus Aoberentis propitiis, Valeat nomen triplicis  
Jehovae, ignis, Aeris, Aquitani spiritus saluete : Orientis Princeps Belzebub, inferni ardenter Monarcha et Demigorgon, propitiarius vobis, ut appareat, et surgat Mephostophilis Dragon, quod tumeraris : per Jehovam, gebennam et consecratam aquam, quem hunc spargo ; signumque crucis quod hunc facio ; et per vota nostra ipsa nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephostophilis.

Enter Devil.

I charge thee to return and change thy shape,

B

Theo

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Thou art too ugly to attend on me :  
Go and return an old Franciscan Friar;  
That holy shape becomes a Devil best.     Enter Devil.  
I see there's vertue in my heavenly words,  
VVho would not be proficient in this Art?  
How playnt is this *Mephostophilis*?  
Full of obedience and humility,  
Such is the force of Magick and my Spels.

Enter *Mephostophilis*.

*Meph.* Now *Faustus* what wouldest thou have me doe ?

*Faust.* I charge thee wait upon me whilſt I live,  
To do what ever *Faustus* shall command :  
Be it to make the Moon drop from her Spheare,  
Or the Ocean to overwhelm the world.

*Meph.* I am a fervant to great *Lucifer*,  
And may not follow thee without his leave :  
No more than he commands must we perform.

*Faust.* Did not he charge thee to apptar to me ?  
*Meph.* No, I came hither of mine own accord,  
*Faust.* Did not my conjuring raiſe thee ? speak.  
*Meph.* That was the cause, but yet *per accidens* :  
For when we hear one swear,  
We flye, in hope to get him :  
Nor will we come unlesse he use ſuch meane,  
VWhereby he is in danger to be loſt :  
Therefore the ſhorteft cut for conjuring  
Is ſrontly to abjure all godlineſſe,  
And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

*Fau.* So *Faustus* hath already done, and holds this principle,  
There is no chief but onely *Belzebub* :  
To whom *Faustus* doth dedicate himſelf.  
This word being loſt terrifies not me,  
But leaving these vain trifles,  
Tell me, what is that *Lucifer*, thy Lord ?

*Meph.* Arch-regent and Commander of Spirits,

*Fau.* Was not that *Lucifer* an Angel once ?

*Meph.*

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Meph. Yes Faustus.

Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of Devils ?

Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence,

For which he was thrown from the face of heaven.

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer ?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that live with Lucifer,  
Conspir'd against heaven with Lucifer,

And are for ever lost with Lucifer.

Faust. VVhat are you damin'd ? Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it then, that thou art out of Hell ?

Meph. VVhy this is Hell, nor am I out of it.

Thinkst thou that I, that,

Tasted the eternal joyes of Heaven,

Am not tormented with ten thousand Hells,

In being depriv'd of everlasting blisse ?

O Faustus leave these frivilous demands,

VVhich strike a terror to my fainting heart.

Faust. VVhat is great Mephostophilis so passionate ?

For being deprived of the joyes of heaven ?

Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,

And scorn those joyes thou never shalt posseſſe.

Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer ;

Seing Faustus hath incur'd eternal death,

By desperate thoughts against Joves Deity,

Say he surrenders up to him his self,

So he will spare him four and twenty years,

Letting him live in all voluptuousness,

Having thee ever to attend on me,

To give thee whatsoever I shall ask,

To tell me whaſſoever I deſmand :

To stay mine enemies, and to aid my friends,

And alwaies be obedient to my will,

Go and return to mighty Lucifer,

And meet me in my study at midnight,

And then resolve me of thy masters mind,

Meph. I will Faustus.

Exiſt.

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,  
I'd give them all for Mephostophilis.

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By him I'le be great Emperour of the world,  
And make a bridge thorow the moving Air,  
To passe the Ocean with a band of men :  
I'le joyne the hills that bind the Affrick shore,  
And make that countrey continent to Spaine,  
And both contributary to my Crown ;  
The Emperour shall not live but by my leave,  
Nor any potentate of Germany.  
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd,  
I'le live in spculation of this Art,  
Till Mephostophilis returne again.

Exit.

Enter Wagner and the Clowne.

*Wag.* Come hither sirrah boy.

*Clo.* Boy, O disgrace to my person ; boy in your face,  
you have seen many boyes with beards I am sure.

*Wag.* Haft thou no commings in ?

*Clo.* And goings out too, you may see sir.

*Wag.* Alas poor slave, see how poverty jests in his nakedness :  
I know the villaine's out of service, and so hungry that I  
know he would give his soul to the Devil for a shouler of  
Mutton, though it were blood raw.

*Clo.* Not so neither, I had need to have it well roasted, and  
good saucers to it, if I pay so dear, / can tell you.

*Wag.* Sirrah, wilt thou be my man and wait on me ? and I  
will make thee go, like *Qui mihi discipulus* ;

*Clo.* What in verse ?

*Wag.* No slave in beaten filte, and staves-aker,

*Clo.* Staves-aker ? that's good to kill vermine : then belike  
if I serve you I shall be lowfie.

*Wag.* Why so thou shalt be, whether thou dost it or no :  
for sirrah, if thou dost presently bind thy self to me for severall  
years, I'le turn all the lice about thee into familiaris and make  
them eate thee in pieces.

*Clo.* Nay sir you may spare your selfe a labour, for they are  
as familiar with me, as if they paid for their meat and drinke  
I can tell you.

*Wag.*

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*Wag.* Well firra, leave your jesting, and take these guilders.  
*Clo.* Yes master fir, and I thank you too.

*Wag.* So, now thou art to beat an hours warning, whencesoever and whereforever the Devil shall fetch thee,

*Clo.* Here take your guilders again, I'le none of 'em.

*Wag.* Not I, thou art prest, prepare thy self, for I will presently raise up two Devils to carry thee away, *Hanso, Belcher.*

*Clo.* Belcher, and Belcher come here, I'le belch him; I am not afraid of a Devil.

*Enter two Devils.*

*Wag.* How now fir, will you serve me now?

*Clo.* I good Wagner, take away the Devil then.

*Wag.* Spirits away, now firrah follow me.

*Clo.* I will sir, but heark you master, will you teach me this conjuring occupation?

*Wag.* I firra, I'le teach thee to turn thy self to a Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Rat, or any thing.

*Clo.* A Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Rat? O brave Wagner.

*Wag.* Villaine, call me Master Wagner, and see that you walk attentively, and let your right eye be alwaies Diametricallly fixt upon my left heele, that thou maist, *Quasi vestigias nostras infisteres.*

*Clo.* Well sir, I warrant you.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT. II.

*Enter Faustus in his Study.*

*Faust.* Now Faustus must thou needs be loft,  
Canst thou not be sav'd?

What boot's it then to think on Heaven?

Away with such vain fancies and despair,  
Despair in heaven and trust in Belzebub,

Now gonot back Faustus be resolute,

Waverst thou? O something soundeth in mine ear,

Abjure this Magick heaven and repent,

*Enter*

# The Tragical History

Enter the two Angels.

Evil Ang. Go forward Faustus in that most famous Art,  
Good Ang. Sweet Faustus leave that execrable Art.

Faust. Contrition, Prayer, Repentance, what be these ?  
Good Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven.

Evil Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,  
That make men foolish that do use them most.

Good Ang. Sweet Faustus think of heaven & heavenly things,  
Bad A. No Faustus, think of honor & of wealth, Exeunt Ang.

Faust. Wealth ; why the signory of Embden shall be mine ;  
When Mephostophilis shall stand by me.

What power can hurt me ? Faustus thou art safe :  
Cast no more doubts, Mephostophilis come,  
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer,  
Is't not midnight ? come Mephostophilis,

Veni, Veni, Mephostophilis. Enter Meph.

Now tell me, what saith Lucifer thy Lord ?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,  
So thou will buy his service with thy blood.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,  
And write a deed of Gift with it,  
For that security craves Lucifer,  
If thou deny it I must back to Hell.

Faust. Stay Mephostophilis, and tell me  
What good will that do thy Lord ?

Meph. Enlarge his Kingdome.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus ?

Meph. Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture others ?

Meph. As great as have the humane spirits of men,  
But tell me Faustus shall I have thy soul ?

And I will be thy slave and wait on thee,  
And give thee more then thou hast wit to ask.

Faust. I Mephostophilis, I'lle give it him.

Meph. Then Faustus stab thine arm couragiously,

And

# of Doctor Faustus.

And bind thy soul that at some certain day  
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own :  
Then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. Lo Mepbo, for love of thee *Faustus* hath cut his arme,  
And with his proper blood assures himself to be great Lucifer,  
Chief Lord and regent of perpetual night.  
View here this blood that trickles from mine arm,  
And let it be propitious for thy wish.

Meph. But *Faustus*,  
Write it in manner of a Deed of Gift.

Faust. I so I doe ; but *Mephostophilis*,  
My blood conjeales and I can write no more.

Meph. I'le fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. Exit.

Faust. What might the stayng of my blood portend ?  
It is unwilling I should wite the bill.

Why streams it not that I may write a fresh ?  
*Faustus* gives to thee his soul : O there it staid.  
Why shouldest thou not ? is it not thine own ?  
Then write again & *Faustus* gives to thee his.

Enter *Mephostophilis* with the Cbafer of fire.

Meph. See *Faustus* here is fire, set it on.

Faust. So now the blood begins to clear again,  
Now will I make an end immediately.

Meph. VVhat will I not do so obtain this man ?

Faust. Consummatum est : this bill is ended,  
And *Faustus* hath bequeath'd himself to Lucifer.

But what is this inscription on mine Arme ?

Homafuge, whether shall I flye ?

If unto heaven he'll throw me down to hell,

My senscs are deceiv'd, here's nothing wris :

O yes, I see it plain, even here is writ :

Homafuge, yet shall not *Faustus* fly.

Meph. I'le fetch him somewhas to delight his mind, Exit.

Enter

# The Tragical History

Enter Devils giving Crownes and rich apparell to  
Faustus : they dance and then depart.

Enter Mephostophilis,

Faust. What means this shew & speak Mephostophilis,  
Meph. Nothing Faustus, but to delight thy mind,  
And let thee see what magick can perform.

Faust. But may I raise such spirits when I please ?

Meph. I Faustus, and do greater things then these.

Faust. Then Mephostophilis receive  
This deed of gift ;

But yet conditionally, that thou perform  
All Covenants and Articles between us both.

Meph. Faustus, I swear by Hell and Lucifer,  
To effect all promises between us both.

Meph. Faustus Then hear me read it Mephostophilis,  
On these conditions following.

First, That Faustus may be a spirit in forme and substance.

Secondly, That Mephostophilis shall be his servant and be by  
him commanded.

Thirdly, That Mephostophilis shall do for him, and bring him  
whatsoever he requireth.

Fourthly, That he shall be in house or chamber invisible.

Lastly, That he shall appear to the said John Faustus at all times,  
in what shape and form soever he please.

I John Faustus of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents do  
give my self to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and his Minister Mepho-  
stophilis, and furthermore grant unto them that four and twenty  
years being expired, and these Articles above written being infor-  
mulate, ful power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, flesh and  
blood into their habitation wheresoever.

By me John Faustus.

Meph. Speak Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed;

Faust. I take it, and the devil give good of it,

Meph. So now Faustus ask what thou wilt,

Faustus

# of Doctor Faustus.

*Faust.* First, I will question thee about Hell,  
Tell me, where is that place that men call hell?

*Meph.* Under the Heavens.

*Faust.* I so are all things else ; but where abouts ?

*Meph.* Within the bowels of these Elements,  
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd  
In one self-place : but where we are in hell,  
And where hell is there must we ever be.  
And to be short, when all the world dissolves,  
And every creature shall be purified,  
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

*Faust.* I think hell's a meer fable.

*Meph.* I, think so still, till experience change thy mind,

*Faust.* Why dost thou think that *Faustus* shall be lost ?

*Meph.* I of necessity, for here's the scrowle  
In which thou hast given thy spirit to Lucifer.

*Faust.* I, and body, and what of that ?

Think'st thou that *Faustus* is so fond to imagine

That after this life there is any pain ?

No, these are trifles, and meer old wives tales.

*Meph.* But I am an instance to prove the contrary :

For I tell thee I am damn'd and now in Hell.

*Faust.* Nay and this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd :

What sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing ?

But leaving this, let me have a wife, the fairest maid in Germany, for I am wanton and lascivious, and cannot live without a wife.

*Meph.* Well *Faustus*, thou shalt have a wife.

*He fetches in a Woman Devil.*

*Faust.* What sight is this ?

*Meph.* Now *Faustus* wilt thou have a wife ?

*Faust.* Here's a hot whore indeed : no, I'll no wife :

*Meph.* Marriage is but a ceremonial toy,

And if thou lovest me think no more of it :

I'll call thee out the fairest Curtezans,

And bring them every morning to thy bed :

# The Tragical History

She whom thy eye shall like, thy heart shall have,  
Were she as chaste as were Penelope,  
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful  
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.  
Here, take this book and peruse it well:  
The iterating of these lines brings gold.  
The framing of this circle on the ground  
Brings Thunder, Whirlwinds, storme and lightning,  
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thy self,  
And men in harness shall appear to thee,  
Ready to execute what thou commandst.

Fauſt. Thanks Mephostophilis for this ſweet book :  
This will I keep as chary as my life.

Exeunt.

Enter Wagner ſolus.

Wag. Learned Fauſtus,  
To know the ſecrets of Alkronomy,  
Graven in the book of Joves high firmament,  
Did mount himſelf to ſcale Olympus top,  
Being ſeated in a Chariot burning bright,  
Drawn by the strength of yoaky dragons necks,  
He now is gone to prove Cosmography,  
And as I gueſſe will firſt arrive at Rome,  
To ſee the Pope and manner of his Court :  
And take ſome part of holy Peters feaſt,  
That on this day is solemnized.

Ex, Wagner.

Enter Faſtus in his ſtudy and Mephostophilis,

Fauſt. When I behold the Heavens, then I repent,  
And curse the wicked Mephostophilis,  
Because thou haſt depriv'd me of these joyes.

Meph. Twas thy own ſeeking Faſtus, thank thy ſelf.  
But thinkſt thou heaven ſuch a glorious thing ?

I tell

# V of Doctor Faustus, I

I tell thee Faustus it is not half so fair  
As thou or any man that breaths on earth,

Faust. How prou'ft thou that ?

Meph. Twas made for man, then hee's more excellene.

Faust. If heaven was made for man, twas made for me,  
I will renounce this msgick and repent.

Enter the two Angels

Good An. Faustus repent, yee heaven will pity thee,

Bad An. Thou art a spirit, it cannot pity thee.

Faust. VVho buzeth in mine ears, I am a Spirit ?

Be I a Devil, yet heaven may pity me.

Yea it will pity me if I repent.

Bad An. I, but Faustus never shall repent.

Exit An.

Faust. My heart is hardened, I cannot repent.

Scarce can I name salvation, faith or heaven :

Swords, poysons, halters, and invenom'd steel,

Are laid before me to dispatch my selfe :

And long ere this I should have done the deed,

Ned not sweet pleasure conquered deep dispair.

Have I not made blind Homer sing to me

Of Alexander's love, and Oenias death ?

And hath not he that buile the wales of Thebes,

With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,

Made musick with my Mephastophilis ?

VVhy should I die then, or basely dispair ?

I am resolv'd Faustus shall not repent.

Come Mephastophilis, let us dispute agajn,

And reason of divine Astrology,

Speak, are there many Sphears above the Moon,

Are all Celestial bodies but one Globe,

As is the substance of this Centrick Earth ?

Meph. As are the Elementes such are the Heavens,

Even from the Moon unto the Emperist Orb,

# The Tragical History

Mutually folded in each others Spheres,  
And jointly move upon one axle-tree,  
Whose terminus is termed the worlds wide Pole,  
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars or Jupiter,  
Fain'd; but are evening stars.

Faust. But have they all one motion both *tempore* & *spatiis*?  
Meph. All move from East to West in four and twenty hours, upon the poles of the world, but differ in their motions upon the place of the Zodiacke.

Faust. These slender questions *Wagner* can decide :  
Hath Mephostophilis no greater skill ?  
Who knows not the double motion of the Planets ?  
That the first is finisht in a natural day ?  
The second thus, *Saturn* in 30 years ;  
*Jupiter* in 12, *Mars* in 4, the *Sun*, *Venus* and  
*Mercury* in a year, the *Moon* in twenty eight daies.  
These are fresh mens questions, but tell me, hath every  
Sphere a Dominion, or *Inteligentia* ?

Meph. I

Faust. How many heavens or spheres are there ?  
Meph. Nine, the vnu Planets, the Firmament, and the Imperial Heaven,

Faust. But is there not *Cælum igneum et Chrystillinum* ?  
Meph. No Faustus, they be but fables.  
Faust. Resolve me then this question :  
Why are not Conjunctions, Oppositions, Aspects, Eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less ?

Meph. *Per ira equalem motum respectu totius.*

Faust. Well, I am answer'd : now tell me who made the world ?

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephostophilis tell me.

Meph. Move me not Faustus.

Faust. Villain have not I bound thee to tell me any thing ?

Meph. That is not against our Kingdome,  
This is : thou art lost, think shou of Hell,

Faust. Think Faustus upon him that made the world.

Meph. Remember this —————

Exit;

Faust,

# of Doctor Faustus.

Faust. I go accursed spirits to ugly hell :  
Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus soul, I' a not too late ?

Enter the two Angels.

Beth. Too late,

Good Ang. Never too late if Faustus will repent.

Beth. If thou repent Devils will tear thee in pieces,

Good. Repent and they shall never rase thy skin, Ex, An.

O help distressed Faustus,

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephostophilis,

Luci. He cannot save thy soul, for he is just,  
There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. O what art thou that lookst so terribly ?

Luci. I am Lucifer, and this is my companion prince in Hell.

Faust. O Faustus, they are come to fetch thee.

Belz. We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

Luci. Thou cal'st on heaven contrary to thy promise,

Belz. Thou shouldest not think on heaven.

Luci. Think on the devil.

Belz. And his dam too.

Faust. Nor will Faustus henceforth, pardon him for this,  
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven.

Luci. So shalst thou shew thy self an obedient servant;  
And he will highly gratifie thee for it.

Belz. Faustus, we are come from hell in person to shew thee  
some pastime : sit downe, and thou shalt behold the seven  
deadly sinnes appear to thee in their own proper shapes and  
likenesse.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasant unto me, as Paradise was  
to Adam the first day of his Creation.

Luci. Take nos of Paradise or Creation, but mark the shew,  
go Mephostophilis and fetch them in,

Enter

# The Tragical History

Enter the Seven deadly Sinnes.

BELZ. Now Faustus question them of their names and dispositions.

Faust. That shall I soon : what art thou the first?

Pride. I am Pride : I disdain to have any parents ; I am like to Ovids Vlet, I can creep into every corner of a wench : Sometimes like a Perriwigge I sit upon her brow : next, like a Neeke-lace, I hang about her neck : Then like a Fanne of Feathers, I kisse her : And then turning my selfe to a wrought smocke doe what I list. But see, what a smell is here ? I'le not speak a word more for a Kings Ransome, unlesse the ground be perfumed and covered with cleath of Aras.

Faust. Thou art a proud knave indeed : what art thou the second ?

Cover. I am Covetousnesse ; begotten of an old Churle in a leather bag ; and might I now obtaine my wish, this house, you and all should turn to gold, that I might lock you safe into my Chest ; O my sweet gold.

Faust. And what art thou the third ?

Envie. I am Envy, begotten of a Chimney-sweeper and an Oyster wife ; I cannot read, and therefore with all books burned. I am lean with seeing others eat ; O that there would come a famine over all the world, that all might die, and I live alone, then thou shouldest see how fat I'de be. But must thou sit and I stand : come down with a vengeance.

Faust. Out envious wretch, but what art thou the fourth ?

Wrath. I am Wrath ; I had neither Father nor Mother, I leapt out of a Lyons mouth when I was scarce an hour old, and have ever since run up and down the world with these case of Rapiers, wounding my selfe when I could get none to fight withall ; I was borne in Hell, and look to it, for some of you shall be my Father.

Faust. And what art thou the fift ?

Ghre. I am Gluttony, my parents are all dead, and the devil a penny

# of Doctor Faustus.

a penny they have left me but a small pension, and that buyes  
me thirty meales a day, and ten Beavers; a small trifle to  
suffice nature. I am of a Royal Pedigree, my Father was a  
Gammon of Beacon, and my Mother was a Hogg's head of  
Claret wine. My God-fathers were these; Peter-pickled  
herring, and Martin Martlemas-beefe; but my God-mother,  
O she was an ancient Gentlewoman, her name was Margery  
March-beer. Now Faustus thou hast heard all my Progeny,  
wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. Not I.

Glus. Then the devil choak thee,

Faust. Choak thy self Glutton: what art thou the sixt?

Sloth. Hey ho I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny-bank,  
Hey ho, i'll not speak a word more for a Kings Ransome.

Faust. And what are you misrisse Minks, the seventh and  
last?

Letch. Who, I sir: I am one that loves an inch of raw Mut-  
ton, better then an ell of fride Stockfish; and the first letter  
of my name begins with Letchery.

Lucif. Away to hell, away, on Piper. Ex the 7. Sinnen

Faust. O how this light doth delight my soul.

Lucif. But Faustus in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O might I see hell, and returne again safe, how happy  
were I then?

Lucif. Faustus, thou shalt: at midnight I will send for thee,  
Meantime peruse this book, and view it throughly,  
And thou shalt turn thy selfe into what shap thou wilt,

Faust. Thanks mighty Lucifer.

This will I keep as chary as my life.

Luci. Now Faustus farewell.

Faust. Farewel great Lucifer. Come Mephostophilis.

Enter the Clowne.

What Dick looke to the horses there till I come again,  
I have gotten one of Doctor Faustus conjuring books, and now  
wee'l have such knavery at't paxts.

Enter

# The Tragical History

Enter Dick.

Dick. What Robin, you must come away and walk the horses.  
Rob. I walk the horses, I scorn't ifaith, I have other matters in hand, let the horses walk themselves an they will.

Dick. Snailes, what hast thou got there ? a book ? why thou canst ne're a word on't.

Rob. That thou shalt see presently : keep out of the Circle I say, lest I send you into the Ostry with a vengeance.

Dick. That's like ifaith : you had best leave your foolery, for an my master come, he'll conjure you ifaith,

Rob. My master conjure me ? I'll tell thee what, an my master come here, i'll clap a fair pair of horns on's head, as ere thou sawest in thy life.

Dick. Thou needs not do it, for my misfris hath done it,

Rob. I, there be of us here that have waded as deep into matters as other men, if they were disposed to iak.

Dick. A plague take you, I thought you did not sneak up and down after her for nothing. But I prethee tell me in good sadness, Robyn, is that a conjuring book ?

Rob. Doe but speak what thou'l have me to dor, and i'll do't ; If thou'l dance naked, put off thy cloaths, and i'll conjure thee about presently : or if thou'l go but to the taverns with me, i'll give thee White-wine, Red-wine, Claret-wine, Sack, Muskadine, Malmesey, and Whippincruff, hold belly hold, and wee'l not pay one penny for it.

Dick. O brave, I prethee let's to it presently, for I am as dry as a dog.

Rob. Come then let us away.

Exitus.

Enter Chorus.

Learned Fauns, to find the secrets of Astronomy  
Graven in the book of Joves high firmament,

. Did

# of Doctor Faustus.

Did mount to scale Olimpus top :  
Where sittin in a Chariot burning bright,  
Drawn by the strength of yeaked dragons necks :  
To view the Clouds, the Planets and the starrs,  
the Tropick Zones, and quarters of the skie.  
From the bright circle of the horned Moon,  
Even to the height of *Primum mobile* :  
And whirling round with this circumferance,  
Within the concave compasse of the Pole.  
From East to West his Dragons swiftly glide,  
And in eight dayes did bring him home again,  
Not long he staid within this quiet house  
To rest his bones after this weary toyle,  
But new exploits do hault him out agen,  
And mounted then upon a Dragons back,  
That with his wings did part the subtle Air,  
Hewow is gone to prove Cosmography,  
That measures coasts and kingdome of the earth,  
And as I gresse will first arrive at *Rome*,  
To see the Pope and manner of his Court,  
And take some part of holy *Peters feast*,  
The which this day is highly solemnized.

Exit.

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## ACT. III.

Enter Faustus and Mephostophilis,

Faust. **N**ow, Mephostophilis  
Having past with delight the famous  
Town of *Tyrs*, environ'd round with Ayery  
Mountain tops : we came to *Rome*, where  
There is a Bridge cal'd *Ponte Angelo*, upon which  
There is erected as many Cannons as there is  
Days in a compleat year, besides the Gates

D

And

# The Tragical History

And high *Piramedes*, which *Julius Caesar*  
Brought from *Africa*.

Mepb. Having now *Faustus* past with delight  
The famous City of *Rome*, and all the  
Monuments of Antiquity: our next shall be  
To see the Sultans Court, and what  
Delight great Babylon affords, this day  
The Soldan with his Bashawes holds a  
Solemne Feast for his late Victory,  
Obtain'd against the Christians, we'll  
His guests, and though unbidden, bring no  
Stooles with us: come stand by,  
And thou shalt the come immediately.

*Faust.* Thou knowst my good *Mephistophilis*,  
Within eight dayes we view'd the face of  
Heaven, Earth, and Hell, so high our dragons  
Sword into the skie, that looking downwards,  
The Earth appear'd to me in quantity  
No bigger then my hand,  
Then in this shew let me an actor be,  
That the proud Turk may *Faustus* cunning see,

Mepb. *Faustus* I will, but first stay  
And view their triumphs as they passe this way,  
And then devise what mischief best contents  
Thy mind, be cunning in thy art to excess,  
Their mirth, or dash the pride of their  
Solemnity, to clap huge horns upon his  
Bashawes head, or any villany thou canst  
Devise, and I'll perform it *Faustus*, bark they come,  
this day shall make thee admir'd in Babylon.

*Faust.* One thing more my good *Mephistophilis*,  
Let me intreat of thee that *Faustus* may  
Delight his mind, and through their follies cause  
Some mirth, so charm me, I may appear  
Invisible to all are here, and doe  
What ere I please, unseen of any.

Mepb. *Faustus* I will knell down,

V Whilſt

# of Doctor Faustus.

Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,  
And charm thee with this Magick wand,  
Take this girdle, thou shalt appear  
Invisible to all here;  
The Planets seven, and the gloomy Air,  
Hell, and the furies forked haer,  
Pluto's blew fire, and Hoocts tree,  
VVith Magick charmes so compasse thee,  
That no eye may thy body see.

Now Faustus for all their tricks do what  
Thou wilt, thou shalt not be deceiv'd of any.

Faust. Thanks Mephosphilis.  
Now Basawes take heed  
Lest Faustus make your shaven pates to bleed.

Enter Salomaine and two Basawes.

Sol. Welcome Mephosphilis from the siege of Malta,  
And though we use no great familiarity  
Towards our Vassals, but with severe looks  
Maintain the reverence due to the Ottoman  
Family, and so strike terror in our subjects  
Hearts : yet since the fates have so much  
favour'd us, as we have gain'd that proud  
Rebellious town, that refus'd paymens of our  
Yearly tribute : we will recreate your wearied  
Limbs, and pass the time with you my Lords in  
Mirth, and to increase our joyes the more, Call'd from  
You, Let us here the story of Malta's siege.

Ca. Dread Sovereigne,  
We no sooner there arrived, but of the  
Governour, in your most Royal name, we  
Demanded the ten months tribute left  
Vnpaid : they desir'd time to make collction  
Amongst the inhabitants of the Malta for it?

# The Tragical History

A moneth we granzed, in which time  
They seis'd on half the Estates of all  
The Jews amongst them ;  
The time for truce allotted, scarce expir'd,  
Arriv'd Martine Belboſca out of Spaine, who  
With great promises of his Masters aid,  
Incourag'd those of Malta not to render  
Their promis'd tribute, but defend themſelvēs :  
They follow'd his advice, and made him general,  
Who with those Malta Knights and lusty Seamen,  
So valiantly the Sea and Coast defended,  
That all our force in vain had been employ'd,  
Had not an unexpected chance reliev'd us ;  
**Mustapha** may it please you finiſh the ſtory,  
For I was ſent upon another design,  
You know it better.

**Mus.** One morning as our ſcouts reliev'd our watch,  
Hard by the City walls they found a body  
Senseless, and ſpeechleſſ, yet gave ſome ſign  
Of life remaining in it : after ſome time  
Spent in recovering to himſelf, he did  
Confesse he was a Jew o' th town, who  
to revenge ſome wrongs done him by  
The Christians, would ſhew us how to  
Enter to the town, and in ſhort time  
Make us masters of it : he therefore led our  
Troo through a vault, and roſe with them in the  
Middle of the town, open'd the gates for us to  
Enter in, and by that means the place  
Became our own.

**Solo.** Moft grateful news.  
**Calph,** Go call the Empereſſe.  
In the mean time prepare a banquet,  
She ſhall partake with us in our joy and mirth,  
It is too solitary to be alwaies pind up  
In the Saralions ſolentary lodgings :  
The greatest Princes are of humane mold,

# of Doctor Faustus.

No bow so good, but if steel bent  
Will break —— welcome my dearest,  
Whose soft embraces my wearied limbs refresh;  
The pleasures we have receiv'd through the  
The Christians overthrow, invites us sweet  
To make a day of joy and triumph, which  
Caus'd us dearest desire thy company.

*Emp.* Great Solomaine,  
The glory of the Ottomans,  
My dear and honoured Lord,  
Thus low your handmaid returns your  
Highnesse thanks, that you wo'd be pleas'd to  
Admit your humble Vassal to partake  
Of your Joies, and the cause on't,  
Mahomet preserve your Majestie,  
And grant you may obtain  
Many such victories.

*Faust.* An excellent beautie this Mephostophylax,  
I must needs have a touch at her lips.

*Mep.* Do Faustus, enjoy thy will, glut thy selfe  
With pleasure whilst time and occasion permitt,

*Emp* Mahomet defend me.

What's that, that wish to touch me?

*Faust.* Only a friend of yours inamour'd with  
Your beautie Ladie,

*Solo.* You seem discontented, or else affay'd  
At some strange accident: what i'tt  
Offends you sweet? come drink of this Cordial  
To revive thee.

*Faust.* Though I must confess I have no great need  
Of cordial waters, yet i'll drinke it, because  
It came from an Empresses hand:  
Here Solomaine, here's to thee, and all thy mens  
Confusion,

*Solo.* Hell, Furies, traytors look about,  
See what tis that thus disturbs our mirth, and tell me  
Dogs, or by our holy Prophets tomb I swear

Yes

# The Tragical History

Ye all shall see the miserablest death, that  
Ever witty cruelty invented : how my soul is  
Tortur'd with these villianous charms: some  
Musick there to moderate these passions in  
My breast, ha / do devills haunt my Palace,  
Or are they come to celebrate such meetings  
As the Christians use.

I'le find the cause of all these strange events,  
And by our counter charmes crost their intents.  
Call our Majecian forth, and let him bring,  
Such necessaries as his Art requires, to force  
An answer from this infernal fiend,  
That does disturb our mist.

Mepb. Faustus stand by, and give me leave to add  
My part : we spirits take no pleasure in wine,  
Or women, all our delights to hurt and torture  
Men, which i'le perform on his majecian,  
Unles he serve a power above me, as we  
Have order in our confusion, and different degrees  
Amongst us, like carry him away out of  
His circle, and throw him down into some  
Stinking puddle.

Faust. Why, but tell me Mephostophilis, das' st thou  
Attempt to venture on a man in his circle?

Mepb. Because thou art ours, and sold to Lucifer, and I  
Have promis'd to serve thee faithfully : Pleas not  
Conceal the secrets of our state from thee, thou darling  
Of great Lucifer : know all those rights and  
Spells which mortals use to make us rise,  
Appear visible, answer to their demands,  
Fullfill their wills, and execute their malice on  
Their enemies, are very fables, forged at first  
In hell, and thrust on credulous mortals  
To deceipte 'm.  
Nor is there such a power in signes and words, so  
Make us to obey : that rule abasements, and in a  
Moment, if we had but leave, would turn the

# of Doctor Faustus

VWorld to a confus'd nothing, 'tis true, we seem  
To come constrain'd, and by the power of their  
Charmes: but are more willing to be employ'd to  
Hurt and kill mankind, than they are willing to engage  
Vs in their service, and where so'r we find one bent to our  
Familiarity, we fly then willingly to catch him.

Faust. Thanks good Mephistophilis for this discovering  
Of your misery.

Exter Conjuror,

Solo. Magician shew thy skill, and by thy art inquire  
VWhat it is that thus disturbs our mirth, and then  
Command it forthwith to depart.

Conju. I obey your Royal pleasure.

VVishin my circle here I stand,  
And in my hand, this silver wand  
Arm'd with the potent hell god's names  
At which fiends tremble midst the flames  
By fat of infants newly kill'd,  
And blood by cruel mothers spill'd,  
By Plato's love to Proserpine,

VVich made his Hell-hood sigh and whine,  
By Minos and by Æacus,  
By Radamer and Serenus,  
I do conjure you hellish spirits;   
That the infernal vaules inherits;  
Send from your scatty palace hither,  
One of your train to tell me whethet,  
He that disturbs the Emperours feast,  
Be a Devil, or a Ghost from hell release,

Meph. A devil.

Conju. Thy name, who sent for thee? why dost not  
shew thy self? scornst thou my charmes,  
VWhich heretofore made thee fly as swifte  
As lightning to obey my hest; i'll torture thee twill  
For this contempt of me, and sink thee to the  
Bottom of the See, or blind them in the deserts of

Attritus:

# The Tragical History

Arras a thousand years to punish thy dilobedience.

Mepb. Will you so audious mortal? nay now you move at  
Me, and because your stars have triade you stome cold,  
I'le warm you for your threatening me with water,  
And for fear you should get a Feavour, by this  
Vnwonted fire, in the next pond you come at,

I quench your heat.

Conju. Help, help, help.

Exit.

Sollo. Come my dearest, thy life is worth all ours.

Exsum.

Enter Clown and Dick with a Cup.

Dick. Sirra Robin, we were best looke that your devile can  
answer the stealing of this Cup, for the Vintners boy follows  
us at the hard heels.

Rob. Tis no matter, let him come: and he follows, ile con-  
jure him, as he was never coniur'd in his life, I warrant him;  
let me see the cup.

Enter Vintner.

Dick. Here 'tis, yonder he comes; now Robin, now or ne-  
ver shew thy cunning.

Vint. Oh are you here? I am glad I have found you, you  
are a couple of fine companions: pray where's the cup you  
stole from the tavern?

Rob. How how? we stalle a cup, take heed what you say;  
we look not like cup-stealers that I can tell you.

Vint. Never deny't, for I know you have it, and ile search  
you.

Rob. Search me, I and spare not: hold the cup Dick, come,  
come, search me, search me.

Vint. Come on sirra, let me search you now.

Dick. I doe, doe, hold the cup Robin, I fear not your sear-  
ching: we scarn so real your cups I can tell you.

Vint. Nowe outface me for the matter, for sure the cup is  
between you two.

Rob. Nay there you lie, 'tis beyond us both.

Vint.

of Doctor Faustus.

Vint. A plague take you, I thought twas your knavery to take it away : Come give it me again.

Rob. I much, when can you tell? Dicke, make me a Circle, and stand close to my back, and stir not for thy life! When you shall have your Cup upon, say nothing Dicke: O perfid O. Demigorgon, Belcher, and Mephastophilis.

Enter Mephastophilis.

Meph. You Princely Legions of Infernal Rule, How am I vexed by these villaines Charmes; From Constantinople have they brought me now, Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

Rob. By Lady sir, you have had a shrewd journey of it: will it please you take a shoulder of Mutton to supper, and a Tester in your purse, and go back again.

Dicke. I, pray you heartily sir; for we cal'd you but in jest I promise you.

Meph. To purge the rashness of this cursed Deed, First, be thou turned to this ugly shape, For apish deeds transformed to an Ape.

Rob. O brave, an Ape? I pray sir let me have the carrying of him about to shew some tricks.

Meph. And so thou shalt: be thou transform'd to a Dogge, and carrie him upon thy back, away begone!

Rob. A dog? that's excellent: lets the Maids look well to their Poridge-pots, for I'lle into the Kitchen presently: come Dicke, come. *Exeunt the two Clowns.*

Meph. Now with the flames of ever burning fire, I le wing my self, and forth-with sicke atsin, Unto my Faustus to the great Turks Court. *Exit.*

Enter Martino and Frederick at several doores.

Mart. What ho, Officers, Gentlemen: Hie to the presence to attend the Emperour, Good Fredericke see the roome be voided straight, His Majsty is coming to the Hall,

# The Tragical History

Go back, and see the State in rediness.

Fre. But where is *Bruno* our elected Pope,  
That on a furies back came post from *Rome*.

Will not his grace consort the Emperor?

Mart. O yes and with him comes the German Conjurer,  
The learned *Faustus*, fame of *Wittenberg*,  
The wonder of the World for Magick Art,  
And he intends to shew great *Carolus*  
The rrac of all his stout Progenitors:  
And bring in presence of his Majesty  
The royal shapes and perfect semblances  
Of *Alexander* and his beautious Paramour.

Fre. Where is *Benvolio*?

Mart. Fast asleep I warrant you,  
He took his rouse with Stoops of Rhennish wine  
So kindly yesternight to *Bruno's* health,  
That all this day the sluggard keeps his bed.

Fre. See see, his Windows's ope, wee'll call to him.

Mart. What ho, *Benvolio*.

Enter *Benvolio* above at a window, in his  
night-cap: buttoning.

*Benu.* What a Devil sile you two;

Mart. Speak softly Sir, least the Devil hear you:  
For *Faustus* at the Court is late arriv'd,  
And at his heels ten thousand Furies wait,  
To accomplish whatsoever the Doctor please.

*Ben.* What of this

Mart. Come leave thy Chamber first, and thou shalt see  
This Conjurer performe such rare exploits

Before the Pope and royal Emperor,

As never yet was seen in Germany,

*Benu.* Has not the Pope enough of Conjuring yet?  
He was upon the Devils back late enough,  
And if he be so far in love with him,  
I would he would post with him to *Rome* again.

Fr.

of Doctor Faustus.

Fre. Speak wilt thou come and see this sport?

Ben. Not I.

Mart. Wilt thou stand in thy window and see it then?

Ben. I, and I fall not asleep i'th mean time.

Mart. The Emperour is at hand, who comes to see

What wonders by black spels may compast be.

Ben. Well go you attend the Emperour: I am content for  
this once to thrust my head out at the window; for they say  
if a man be drunk overnight, the Devil cannot hurt him in  
the morning: if that be true, I have a charme in my head shall  
controule him as well as the Conjuror, I warrant you.

Exit.

A Senit. Charles the Germane Emperour, Bruno,  
Saxony, Faustus, Asaphostophilis, Frederick,  
Martino, and Attendants.

Emp. Wonder of men, renown'd Magitian,  
Thrice learned Faustus, welcome to our Court.  
This deed of thine in setting Bruno free;  
From his and our professed enemy,  
Shall add more excellency unto thine Art,  
Than if by powerful Necromantick spells,  
Thou could'st command the worlds obedience:  
For ever be belov'd of Carolus.

And if this Bruno thou hast late redcem'd,  
In peace posseſſe the triple Diadem;  
And sit in Peters Chair despite of chance,  
Thou shalt be famous thorow all Italy,  
And honour'd of the Germane Emperour.

Faust. Those graticious words, most royal Carolus,  
Shall make poor Faustus to his utmost power.  
Both love and serve the Germane Emperour,  
And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet.  
For prooſe whereof, if so your Grace be pleas'd,  
The Doctor stands prepar'd by power of Art,  
To cast his Magicke charmes that shall pierce thorow  
The Ebon gates of ever-burning Hell,  
And hale the stubborne Furies fram their Caves,

## The Tragical History

To compass wheretoever your Grace commands.

*Ben.* Blood he speaks terribly: but for all that I do not greatly believe him, he looks as like a Conjuror, as the Pope to a Costermonger.

*Emp.* Then *Faustus*, as thou late didst promise us,  
We would behold that famous Conquerour,  
*Great Alexander* and his Paramour,  
In their true shapes, and state Majestical,  
That we may wonder at their Excellence.

*Fau.* Your Majesty shall see them presently,  
*Mephostophilis* away,  
And with a solemn noise of Trumpets sound,  
Present before the Royal Emperour,  
*Great Alexander* and his beauteous Paramour.

*Meph.* *Faustus*; I will.

*Ben.* Well M. Doctor, and your Devils come not away quickly, you shall have me asleep presently: zounds I could eat my self for anger, to think I have been such an Ass all this while to stand gaping after the Devils Governour, and can see nothing.

*Faust.* Ile make you feel some thing anon if my Art fail me not.

My Lord I must forewarn your Majesty,  
That when my Spirits present their Royal shapes,  
*Of Alexander* and his Paramour,  
Your Grace demand no questions of the King,  
But in dumbe silence let them come and go.

*Emp.* Be it as *Faustus* please, we are content.

*Ben.* I, I, and I am content too: and thou bring *Alexander* and his Paramour before before the Emperour Ile be *Alas*, and turn my self to a Stag.

*Faustus.* And Ile play *Dians*, and send you the Hornes presently.

Sext.

of Doctor Faustus.

Senit. Enter at one door the Emperour Alexander, at the other Darius: they meet. Darius is thrown down, Alexander kills him, takes off his Crown, and offering to go out, his Paramour meets him: he embraceth her, and sets Darius Crown upon her head: and coming back, both salute the Emperour, who leaving his state, offers to embrace them: which Faustus seeing, suddenly stayes him. Then Trumpets cease, and Musick sounds.

My gracious Lord, you do forget your self,

They are but shadows, not substantiall,

Emp. O pardon me, my thoughts are so ravished with sight  
of this renowned Emperour, that in mine armes I would have  
compass'd him. But Faustus, since I may not speak to them, to  
satisfie my longing thoughts at full, let me this tell thee: I have  
heard it said, that this fair Lady while she liv'd on earth, had  
on her neck a little Wart, or Mole, how may I prove that saying  
to be true?

Faust. Your Majesty may boldly go and see.

Emp. Faustus, I see it plain,  
And in this sight thou better pleaseſt me,  
Than if I gain'd another Monarchie.

Faust. Away begon.

Exit fraw.

See ſee my gracious Lord, what ſtrange Beast is yon,  
That thrusts his head out at the window.

Emp. O wonderful ſight! ſee Duke of Saxony,  
Two spreading hornes moft ſtately fastened  
Upon the head of young Bennolio.

Sax. What, is he aſleep or dead?

Faust. He ſleeps my Lord, but dreams not of his hornes.

Emp. This ſport is excellent; wee'l call and wake him.  
What ho, Bennolio.

Ben. A plague upon you, let me ſleep awhile.

Emp. I blame thee not to ſleep much having ſuch a head of  
thine own.

Sax. Look up Bennolio—— 'tis the Emperour calls.

Ben. The Emperour? where? my head, my head.

Emp. Nay, and thy hornes hold, 'tis no matter for thy head,  
for that's arm'd ſufficiently.

# The Tragical History

Fauſt. Why now ſir Knight, what hang'd by the horneſ? this is moſt horriblē: fie, fie, pull in your head for shame, let not all the world wonder at you.

Ben. Doctor, iſt this your villanie?

Fauſt. O ſay not ſo ſir: the Doctor has no ſkil,  
No, Art, no cunning, to preſent theſe Lords,  
Or bring before this Royal Emperor  
The mightie Monarch, warlike Alexander,  
If Faufus do it, you are ſtraiſt resolv'd  
In bold Aſcons ſhape to turn a Stag,  
And therefore my Lord to please your Majestie,  
Ile raife a Kennel of hounds shall hunt him ſo,  
And all his footmaſhip ſhall ſcarce prevail,  
To keep his Carkasse from their bloody phangs,  
Ho. Helimot, Argiron, Asterote.

Ben. Hold, hold, he'ſt raife up a Kennel of Devils I think  
anon: good my Lord, intreat for me, I am never able to endure  
theſe torments.

Emp. Then good Mr. Doctor.

Let me intreat you to remove his horneſ  
He hath done penance now ſufficientlie.

Fauſt. My gracious Lord, not ſo muſh for injurie done to  
me, as to delight your Majestie with ſome mirth, hath Faufus  
juſtly requited this injurious K<sup>t</sup>. which being all I deſire, I am  
content to remove his horneſ: Mephofophilis, transform him?  
and hereafter ſir, looky you ſpeak well of Scholers.

Ben. Speak well of yee? ſfoot and Scholers be ſuch Cuckold  
makers to clap horneſ upon honest mens heads o' this order, Ile  
nero tripſt loomth faces, and ſmall bands more: But an I be not  
reveng'd for this, would I miſt be turn'd to a gaping Oyſter,  
and drink nothing but ſalt water.

Emp. Come Faufus, while the Emperor liues,  
In recompence of this high deſert,  
Thou ſhalt command the ſtate of Germany,  
And live belov'd of mighty Caroſus.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Benuoſio, Martino, Frederick, and Souldiers.

Mart. Nay ſweet Benuoſio, let us ſway thy thoughts  
From this attempt againſt the Conjuror.

Ben.

of Doctor Faustus.

Ben. Away, you love me not to urge me thus.  
Shall I let slip so great an injury,  
When every servile groom jeasts at my wrongs,  
And in their rustick Gambals proudly say,  
Bennolio's head was grac'd with hornes to day?  
O may these eye-lids never close again,  
Till with my sword I have the Conjurer slain,  
If you will aid me in this enterprise?  
Then draw your weapons and be resolute.  
If not, depart; here will Bennolio die,  
But Faustus death shall quit thy infamie.

Fred. Nay we will stay with thee, betide what may  
Add kill the Doctor if he come this way.

Ben. Then gentle Frederick bie thee to the Grove,  
And place our servants and our followers  
Close in ambush there behind the trees:  
By this I know the Conjurer is near,  
I saw him kneel and kisse the Emperours hand,  
And take his leave laden with rich rewards.  
Then Souldiers bravely fight, if Faustus die,  
Take you the wealth, leave us the victorie.

Fred. Come Souldiers follow me unto the Grove  
Who kills him shall have gold and endless love.

Exi<sup>r</sup> Frederick with the Souldiers.

Ben. My head is lighter then it was by th' Barnes,  
But yet my heart's more ponderous than my head.  
And pants untill I see the Conjurer dead.

Mart. VVhere shall we place our selves Bennolio?

Ben. Here will we stay to bide the first assault,  
O were that damned Hell-hound but in place,  
Thou soon should'st see me quit my foul disgrace.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Close, close, the Conjurer is at hand,  
And all alone comes walking in his Gown;  
Be readie then, and strike that Peasant down.

Ben. Mine be that honour then, now swerd strik<sup>e</sup> him,  
For hornes he gave, I'le have his head anon.

Enter

# The Tragical History

Enter Faustus with his false head.

Mart. See, see he comes.

Ben. No words, this blow ends all,  
Hell take his Soul, his Body then must fall.

Faust. Oh.

Fred. Grore you Master Doctor?

Ben. Break may his heart with grores, dear Frederick see,  
Thus will I end his griesse immediately.

Mart. Strock with a willing hand, his head is off.

Ben. The Devil's dead, the Furies now may laugh.

Fren. Was this that stern Aspect, that awful frown,  
Made the grim Monarch of infernal spirits  
Tremble and quake at his commanding charmes?

Mart. Was this that damned head, whose heart conspir'd  
Benuolio's shame before the Emperour?

Ben. I that's the head, and there the body lies,  
Justly rewarded for his villanies.

Fred. Com let's devise how we may add more shame  
To the black scandal of his hated name.

Ben. First, on his head, in quittance of my wrongs  
I le naile huge forked hornes, and let them hang  
Within the window where he yoak'd me first,  
That all the world may see my just revenge,

Mart. What shall we put his beard to?

Ben. we'll sell it to a Chimney-sweeper: it will wear out ten  
Birchin Brooms I warrant you.

Fred. What shall his eyes do?

Ben. Wee'll pull out his eyes, and they shall serve for Buttons  
to his Lips, to keep his Tongue from catching cold.

Mart. An excellent policie: and now sirs having divided  
him, Faust. what shall the body doe?

Ben. The Devil's alive again;

Fred. Give him his head for heavens sake.

Faust. Nay keep it: Faustus will have heads and hands,  
I call your hearts to recompence this deed.

Knew ye not Traytors I was limited

For four and twentie years to breath on earth,

And

of Doctor Faustus,

And had you cut my body with your swords,  
Or hew'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,  
Yet in a minute had my life return'd,  
And I had breath'd a man made free from harm.  
But wherefore do I daily my revenge ?

*Asterisks, Belimoth, Mephostophilis.*

*Enter Mephisto. and other Devils.*

Go horse these Traitors on your fiery backs,  
And mount aloft with them at high as heaven,  
Then pitch them headlong to the lowest hell :  
Yet stay the world shall see their misery,  
And hell shall after plague their treachery.

Go Belimoth, and take this caitiffe hence,

And hurl him in some lake of mud and durt :

Take thou this other, drag him thorough the woodes,

Among the pricking thornes and sharpest bryers,

Whilst with my gentle *Mephostophilis*,

This Traitor flies unto some steepy rock,

That rowling down, may break the villains bones,

As he intended to dismember me.

Fly hence, dispatch my charge immediately

*Fred.* Pitty us gentle *Faustus* save our lives.

*Faust.* Away.

*Fred.* He must needs go that the Devil drives.

*Exeunt Spirits with the Knights.*

*Enter the Ambush Soldiers.*

1. *Sould.* Come sirs prepare your selves in readinesse,  
Make hast to help these noble Gentlemen,  
I heard them party with the Conjuror.

2 *Sould.* See where he comes, dispatch and kill the slave.

*Faust.* whats here ? an ambush to betray my life :

Then *Faustus*, try thy skill : base Peasants stand ;

For loe the trees remove at my command,

And stand as Bulwarks twixt your selves and me,

To sheld me from your hatred treachery :

Yet to encounter this your weak attempt,

Behold an Army comes incontinent.

## The Tragical History

Faustus striketh the door, and enter a Divel playing upon a drum,  
after him another bearing an Ensign : and divers with weapons,  
Mephostophilis with fire-works ; they set upon the Souldiers  
and drive them out.

Enter at several doors Bennolio, Fredricke, and Martino, their  
heads and faces bloody, and besmeared with mud and durt,  
having all horns on their heads.

Mart. What ho, Bennolio ?

Ben. Here, what Fedrick, ho ?

Fred. O gentle friend, where is Martino ?  
Half smotherd in a Lake of mud and durt,  
through which the furies drag me by the heels.

Fred. Martino see,  
Bennolio's horns again.

Mart. O misery, how now Bennolio ?

Ben. Defend me heaven, shall I be haunted still ?

Mart. Nay fear not man, we have no power to kill.

Ben. My frieds transform d thus : O hellish spite,  
Your heads are all set with horns.

Fred. You hit it right,  
It is your own you mean, feel on your head.

Ben. What hornes agen.

Mart. Nay chafe not man, we are all sped

Ben. What Devil attends this damn'd Magitian,  
That spight of spight, our wrongs are doubled ?

Fred. What may we do that we may hide our shames ?

Ben. If we should follow him to work revenge,  
Hee'd joyn long Asses ears to these huge horns,  
And make us laughing-stocks to all the World

Mart. What shall we then do, dear Bennolio ?

Ben. I have a Castle joyning near these Woods,  
And thither weel repair, and live obscure,  
Till time shall alter these our Brutish shapes :  
Sith black disgrace hath thus eclipsit our fame ?  
Weel rather dye with grief, than live with shame

o f Doctor Faustus.

Enter Faustus, and the Horse-courser,  
and Mephostophilis.

Horse. I beseech your Worship accept of these forty Dol-  
lers.

Faust. Friend ; thou canst not buy so good a Horse for so  
small a price: I have no great need to sell him but if thou li-  
kest him for ten Dolers more, take him, because I see thou hast  
a good minde to him.

Horse. I beseech you sir accept of this ? I am a very poor  
man , and have lost very much of late by Horse flesh and this  
bargain will set me up again.

Faust. Well I will not stand with thee, give me the money:  
now sirra I must tell you, that you may ride him ore hedge,  
and ditch , and spare him not , but do you hear ? in any case  
ride him not into the water.

Horse. How sir, not into the water ? why will he not drink  
of all waters?

Faust. Yes, he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into  
the water : ore hedge and ditch , or where thou wilt : but  
not into the water ; go bid the Hostler deliver him unto you,  
and remember what I say.

Horse. I warrant you sir ; O joyful day , now am I a made  
man for ever.

Exit.

Faust. What art thou Faustus, but a man condemnd to die ?  
Thy fatal time draws to a final end :  
Dispare doth drive distrust into my thoughts.  
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep ,  
Then rest thee Faustus quiet in conceit,

He sits to sleep.

Enter the Horse-courser.

Horse. O what a cosening Doctor was this ? I ridin; my  
horse into the water , thinking some hidden mystery ha been  
in the horse, I had nothing under me but a little straw, and  
had much adoe to escape drowning ; Well Ile go rote him  
and make him give me my forty Dollers again. lo sirra

## The Tragical History

Doctor, you cosening scab, Master Doctor awake and rise, and give me my mony again, for your horse is turned to a bottle of Hay, Mr. Doctor. S'foot I think hee's rotten. *He puls of his leg.*  
Alas I am undone, what shall I do? I have puld off his leg. (*leg*

*Fauſt.* O help, help, the villain has murther'd me.

*Hofſe.* Murder or not murder, now he hath but one leg. Ile out-run him, and cast this leg into some ditch or other.

*Fauſt.* Stop him, stop him, stop him———ha, ha, ha, *Fauſt,* hath his leg again, and the Horse-courſer a bundle of Hay for his forty Dollars.

*Enter Wagner.*

How now Wagner, what newes with thee?

*Wag.* If it please you the Duke of Vanholz doth earnestly intreat your company, and hath ſent ſome of his men to attend with provision fit for your journie.

*Fauſt.* The Duke of Vanholz's an honourable Gentleman and one to whom I muſt be no niggard of my cuuning, Come away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Clown, Dic., Horse-courſer, and a Carrier.*

*Cart.* Come my Masters, Ile bring you to the best beer in Europe, what ho, Hosteffe: where be these whores?

*Enter Hosteffe.*

*Hofſt.* How now, what lack you? What my old Guests? welcome.

*Clow.* Sirra Dic. doſt know why I stand ſo mute?

*Dic.* No Robin, why is't?

*Clow.* I am eighteen pence on the ſcore, but ſay nothing, ſee if ſhe have forgotten me.

*Hofſt.* Who is this that stands ſo ſolemnly by himſelf? What my old Guest?

*Clow.* O Hosteffe how do you? I hope my ſcore stands ſtill?

*Hofſt.* I there's no doubt of that, for me thinkes you make no halto wipe it out.

*Lc.* Why Hosteffe, I ſay fetch us ſome Beer

*Hofſt.* You ſhall presently, looke up into the Hall there ho.

*Dic.* Come ſirs, what ſhall we do till mine Hosteffe comes.

*Cart.*

of Doctor Faustus.

*Cart.* Marry sir, Ile tell you the bravest tale how a Conjuror serv'd me : you know Doctor Faustus ?

*Horse.* I, a pox take him, here's some on's have cause to know him ; did he conjure thee too ?

*Cart.* Ile tell you how he serv'd me : As I was going to Wittenberge t'other day with a load of Hay, he met me, and asked me what he should give me for as much Hay as he could eat ? now sir, I thinking that a little would serve his turn had him take as much as he would for three farthings ; so he presently gave me money, and fell to eating, and as I am a curst man, he never left eating, till he had eat up all my Load of Hay.

*All.* O monstrous, eat a whole load of Hay.

*Clow.* Yes, yes, that may be, for I have an Uncle that did eat a whole load of Logs.

*Horse.* Now sirs, you shall hear how villainously he serv'd me, I went to him yesterday to buy a Horse of him, and he would by no means sell him under fortie Dollers ; so sir, because I knew him to be such a horse as would run over hedge & ditch, and never tire, I gave him his monie : so when I had my horse, Doctor Faustus bid me ride him night and day, and spare him not : but, quoth he, in any case ride him not into the water. Now sir, I thinking the horse had had some rare qualitie that he would not have me know of, what did I but ride him into a great River, and when I came just into the midst, my horse vanisht away, and I sate stradling upon a bottle of Hay.

*All.* O brave Doctor.

*Horse.* But you shall hear how bravelie I serv'd him for it ; I went me home to his house, and there I found him asleep ; I whoop'd and hollowed in his ears, but could not wake him ; I seeing that, took him by the legg, and never rested pulling, till I had pul'd his leg quite off and now tis at home in my hostry.

*Clow.* And has the Doctor but one leg then ? that's excellent then, for one of his Divels turn'd me into the likeneſe of an Apes-face.

*Cart.* Some more drink Hostess.

*Dic.* Hostess, will you not give us a Song  
You sung us a fine Song  
When we were here last.

## The Tragical History

*Host.* Talk of Songs as soon as y' come into a house,  
Let's see what Guests you'l be first, you do not call  
For drink fast enough, I am a cup too low yet.

*Clow.* Where are you, Lick-spiget, fill us six Cans.

*Host.* I marry, I know you can call apafe, but have  
You any money to pay for them.

*Clow.* O yes Hostess, money in both pockets.

*Host.* Come then, give me a Can.

*Horse.* Here's to you Hostess.

*Host.* I thank ye, what song shall I sing?

*Cart.* Good sweet Hostess sing my song.

*Host.* What's that?

*Cart.* The Chimney high.

*Dick.* No, no, a Swallows nest.

(nest.)

*Host.* All you that will look for a Swallows nest, a Swallows  
Must look in the Chimney high.

*Dick.* Now pray Hostess Sing my song too.

*Host.* Prethee what is't?

*Dick.* You know, the song you sung when we were last here.

*Clow.* Now Hostess you know She sings again.  
I owe you eighteen pence.

*Host.* I know you do.

*Clow.* Sing me but one song more, and I'll give you  
Eighteen pence more for it, which is just five shillings.

*Host.* Three shillings you fool.

*Clow.* Why, three and five is all one to me.

*Cart.* Robin, Robin, you say you have monie in both  
Pockets, pay this reckoning, wee'l pay the next  
We paid for you last.

*Clow.* VVho I, he pay for none of you, I have none for  
my self.

*Host.* I thought so, you that cal'd and cal'd so fast,  
VVould shrink your head out of the collar at last,  
But I hope, as you brought us on, you'l bring us off.

*Clow.* I warrant you lads, let me alone to conjure her,  
Get me a piece of Chalk.

*Host.* VVhat to do.

*Clow.* Pish, let me a lone.

She sings.

*Host.*

of Doctor Faustus.

*Host.* Come now, where is my reckoning? (Can.)

*CLOW.* Here, here Hostess, here, what's this, 1 1 Chalks a

*Host.* Two pence.

*CLOW.* VVhat's this 1 1 1 1.

*Host.* A Groat.

*CLOW.* And this, c.

*Host.* Six pence.

*CLOW.* And this, o.

*Host.* VVhy, a shilling. (This does not follow I think)

*CLOW.* And this, c.

*Host.* Tis six pence.

*CLOW.* VVhat comes it all too.

*Host.* Three shillings.

*CLOW.* Here take it Hostess, take it, ha, ha, ha.

*CART.* O brave Robin, ha, ha, ha.

*Host.* I hope you don't mean to pay me thus,

VVhy this is but chalk.

*CLOW.* Chalk and Cheese is all one to us, for truely we

Have no monie Lanadie, but wee'l pay you

Very honestly, when we come again.

*Exeunt.*

*Host.* Look you do,

VWell, I am deeply in my Brewers score,

But the best on't is, he durst as well be hang'd

As tell his wife.

*Exeunt omnes*

Enter the Duke of Vanbier, his Duchess, Faustus,  
and Mephostophilis.

*Duke.* Thanks Master Doctor for these pleasant fightes.  
Nor know I how sufficently to recompence your great  
Deserts, in erecting that enchanted Castle in the Aire:  
The fight whereof so delighteth me  
As nothing in the world could please me more.

*Faust.* I do think my self my good Lord, higly recompenced;  
in that it hath pleased your Grace to think but well of that  
which Faustus hath performed. But gracious Lady, it may be  
that you have taken no pleasure in those fightes: therefore I  
pray you tell me what is the thing you most desire to have, be-

## The Tragical History

If in the World, it shall be yours : I have heard that great bel-  
lied women do long for things are rare and dainty.

Lady. True Master Doctor, and since I finde you so kind, I  
will make known unto you what my heart desires to have, and  
were it now Summer, as it is January, a dead time of the winter,  
I would request no better meat then a dish of ripe Grapes.

Faust. This is but a small matter : go Mephostophilis away,  
*Exit Mepho.*

Madam, I will do more then this for your content.

Enter Mephostophilis again with the Grapes.

Meph. Here, now taste ye these, they should be good,  
For they came from a far Country, I can tell you,

Duke. This makes me wonder more then all the rest, that  
at this time of the year when every tree is barren of his fruit,  
from whence you had these Grapes.

Faust. Please it your Grace, the year is divided into two  
cycles over the whole world, so that when it is winter with us,  
in the contrary circle it is likewise Summer with them, as in India, Saba, and such Countries that lye far East, where they  
have fruit twice a year. From whence by means of a swift spi-  
rit that I have, I had these Grapes brought as you see.

La. And trust me they are the sweetest grapes that ere I tasted

*The Clown bounceth at the gate within.*

Duke. What rude disturber have we at the gate.  
Go pacifie their furie, set it ope,  
And then demand of them what they would have.

*They knock again, and call out to talk with Faustus.*

A servant. Why how now Masters, what a coile is there ?  
What is the reason you disturbance the Duke ?

Dic. We have no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.

Ser. Why saucy Varlets, dare you be so bold ? (welcome  
Hors. I hope sir, we have wit enough to be more bold then

Ser. It appears so, pray be more bold elsewhere.  
And trouble not the Duke,

Duke. What would they have ?

Ser. They all cry out to speak with Dr. Faustus

*Curt.*

of Doctor Faustus.

Cart. I, and we will speak with him.

Duke. Will you sir? Commit the Raskals

Dick. Commit with us, he were as good commit with his Father as commit with us.

Faust. I do beseech your Grace let them come in,  
They are good subjects to merriment.

Duke. Do as thou wilt Faustus, I give thee leave.

Faust. I thank your Crace.

Enter the Clown, Dick, Carter and Horse courser.

Why how now my good friends? faith your are too outragious  
But come near I have procur'd your pardons: welcome all.

Clow. Nay sir, we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take: What ho, gives half a dozen of Beer here and be hang'd.

Faust. Nay hark you, can you tell where you are?

Cart. I marrie can I, we are under heaven.

Ser. I but sir sauce-box, know you in what place?

Horse. I, I, the house is good enough to drink in, come, fill us some Beer, or wee'l break all the barrels in the house, and dash out all your brains with the Bottles.

Faust. Be not so furious, come, you shall have Beer,  
My Lord, beseech you give me leave a while,  
Ie gage my credit, 'twill content your Grace.

Duke. With all my heart kind Doctor, please thy self,  
Our servants and our Court's at thy command,

Fau. I humbly thank your Grace; then fetch some Beer.

Horse. I marrie, there spake a Doctor indeed, and faith Ile drinck a health to thy wooden Leg for that word.

Faust. My wooden Leg? what dost thou mean by that?

Cart. Ha, ha, ha, dost hear him Dick, he has forgot his Leg.

Horse. I, I, he does not stand much upon that.

Faust. No faith, not much upon a wooden Leg.

Car. O that flesh and blood should be so frail with your worship: do you remember a Horse-courser you sold a horse to?

Faust. Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

Cart. And how you bid him not ride him into the water.

Faust. Yes, I do very well remember that.

Cart. And do you remember nothing of your Leg.

Fau. No in good sooth

# The Tragical History

Faust. Thank you sir.

Car. Tis not so much worth : I pray tell me one thing.

Faust. What's that?

Car. Be both your legs bed-fellows every night together ?

Faust. Wouldst thou make a Colossus of me , that thou ask' me such questions ?

Car. No truely sir, I would make nothing of you, but I would fain know that.

Enter Hostess with drink.

Faust. Then I assure thee certainly they are.

Car. I thank you I am fully satisfied.

Faust. But wherefore dost thou aske ?

Car. For nothing sir : but me think you should have a wooden bed-fellow of one of'em.

Horse. Why do you hear sir, did I not pull off one of your legs when you were asleep ?

Faust. But I have it again now : look you here sir.

Om. How let's feel.

Horse. To other leg.

CLOW. Both together.

All. O horrible, had the Doctor three legs ?

Car. Do you remember sir, how you cosened me and eat up my load of —— hay a, a, a.

Dick. Do you remember how you made me were an Apes —— fa, a, a, a.

Horse. You whorson conjuring scab, do you remember how you cosened me with a ho —— ho, ho, ho.

CLOW. Have you forgotten me ? you think to carry it awsy with your Hey-past and Re-pass : do you remember the dogs fa —— fa, fa, fa.

Host. Who payes for the Ale ? here you Mr. Doctor, now you have sent away my guests, I pray who shall pay me for my A ——

Exit Hostess.

Lady. My Lord,

We are much beholden to this learned man.

Duke. So are we Madam, which we will recompence.

With

of Doctor Faustus.

With all the love and kindness that we may.

His artful sports drive all sad thoughts away.

Exeunt.

*Thunder and Lightning : Enter Devils with covered dishes : Mephastophilis leads them into Faustus Study : then Enter Wagner.*

Act the Fifth.

*Wag.* I think my Master means to die shortly, he has made his will, and given me his wealth, his house, his goods, and store of golden plate, besides two thousand Duckets ready coin'd : I wonder what he means; if death were nye, he would not frolike thus : he's now at supper with the schollers, where ther's such belly-cheer as *Wagner* in his life never saw the like : and see where they come, belike the feast is ended.

Exit.

*Enter Faustus, Mephastophilis, and two or three Schollers.*

1. Sch. M. Doctor *Faustus*, since our conference about fair Ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with our selves that *Helen* of *Greece* was the admirablest Lady that ever liv'd : therefore M. Doctor, if you will do us so much favour as to let us see that peerless dame of *Greece* whom all the world admires for Majesty, we should think our selves much beholding unto you.

*Fau.* Gentlemen for that I know your friendship is unfaind, It is not *Faustus* custome to deny The just request of those that wish him well ; You shall behold that peerless Dame of *Greece*, No otherwise for pompe or Majesty, Than when sir *Paris* crost the *Seas* with her, And brought the spoiles to rich *Dardania*. Be silent then, for danger is in words.

*Musick sound. Mephast. brings in, Hellen, she passeth over the stage.*

2. Was this faire *Hellen*, whose admired worth,

## The Tragical History

3. Too simple is my will to tell her worth,  
Whom all the World admires for Majesty.

1. Now we have seen the pride of Natures work,  
Wee'l take our leaves, and for this blessed sight,  
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

*Exeunt Schollers.*

Faust. Gentlemen farewell; the same wish I to you.

*Enter an old man.*

Old man O Gentle Faustus leave this damned Art,  
This Magick that will charme thy soul to hell,  
And quite bereave thee of salvation.  
Though thou hast now offended like a man,  
Do not persevere in it like a Devil:  
Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soul,  
If sin by custome grow not into nature,  
Then (Faustus) will repentance come to late,  
Then thou art banisht from the sight of heaven;  
No mortal can expres the pains of hell.  
It may be this my exhortation  
Seems harsh and all unpleasant: let it not,  
For gentle Son, I speak it not in wrath  
Or of envy to thee, but in tender love,  
And pity of thy future Misery.  
And so have hope, that this my kind rebuke,  
Checking thy body may amend thy soul

Fau. Where art thou Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?

*Mephostophilis gives him a Dagger.*

Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice,  
Says Faustus come, thine hour is almost come,  
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

Old. O stay good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps,  
Call for mercy, and avoid despaire,

(soul.

Faust. O friend, I feel thy words to comfort my distressed  
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old. Faustus, I leave the but with grief of heart,  
Fearing the enemy of thy better part.

*Exit.*

Faust. Accursed Faustus, wretch what hast thou done?  
I do repent, and yet I do despaire,  
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:

What

of Doctor Faustus.

What shall I do to shun the snare of death?

Meph. Thou Traitor Faustus I arrest thee  
For disobedience to my soveraigne Lord,  
Revolt, or Ile in pece-meale tear thy flesh.

Faust. I do repent I e're offended him,  
Sweat Mephostophilis intreat thy Lord  
To pardon my unjust presumption,  
And with my bloud again I will confirm  
The former vow I made to Lucifer.

Mep. Do it then Faustus with unfained heart,  
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

Faust. Torment, sweet friend that base and aged man,  
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,  
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Me. His faith is great, I cannot touch his soul,  
But what I can afflict his body with  
I will attempt which is but little worth.

Fa. One thing good servant let me crave of thee,  
To glut the longing of my hearts desire,  
That I may have unto my Paramour,  
That heavenly Hellen which I saw of late,  
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish cleare  
Those thoughts that do dissuad me from my vow,  
And keep my vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. This or what else my Faustus shall desire,  
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Enter Hellen again, passing over between two Cupids.

Faust. Was this the face that laucht a thousand Ships,  
And burnt the topless Towers of Ilium  
Sweet Hellen make me immortal with a kiss ; kisses her.  
Her lips suck forth my soul see where it flies,  
Come Hellen, come give me my soul again,  
Here will I dwell for Heaven is in these lips,  
And all is dross that is not Helena.  
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,  
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberge be sacke.

## The Tragical History

And I will combat with weak Menelaus,  
And weare thy colours on my plumed crest,  
Yea I will wound Achilis in the heele,  
And then return to Hellen for a kiss.  
O thou art fairer than the Evenings Ayre,  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand starrs ;  
Brighter art thou then flaming Jupiter ,  
When he appeared to hapless Semele.  
More lovely then the Monarch of the skye ,  
In wanton Arethusa's azurd arms,  
And none but thou shalt be my Paramour:

Exeunt.

Thunder. Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and  
Mephstophilis.

Lucif. Thus from infernal Dis do we ascend,  
Bringing with us the Deed  
The time is come ; which makes it forfeit

Meph. And this gloomy night,  
Here in this Room will wretched Faustus be.

Belz. And here weel stay  
To mark him how he doth demean himself.

Meph. How should he, but in desperate lunacy ?  
Fond worldling now his heart-blood dries with greif ;  
His conscience kills it, and his labouring brain  
Begets a world of ildle fantasies  
To over'reach the Divel : but all in vain,  
His store of pleasures must be sauc'd with pain.  
He and his servant Wagner are at hand,  
Both come from drawing Faustus lacet Will,  
See where they come.

Enter Faustus and Wagner.

Faust. Say Wagner, thou hast perus'd my Will,  
How dost thou like it

of Doctor Faustus.

My life and lasting service for you love.

Enter the Schollers.

Faust. Gramarcye Wagner,  
Welcome Gentlemen.

1. Novv worthy Faustus, me thinks your looks are chang'd  
Faust. Oh Gentlemen.

2. What ayles Faustus?

Fau. Ah my swweet Chamber-fellovv, had I liv'd vwith thicke,  
Then had I lived still, but novv must die eternally,  
Look sirs comes he not, comes he not?

1. O my dear Faustus, what imports this fear

2. Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy

3. He is not well with being over solitary.

2. If it be so, weel have Physitians, and Faustus shall be  
cure'd. —

3. Tis but a surfeit fear nothing

Faust. A surfeit of a deadly sin that hath undone me

2. Yet Faustus look up to heaven and remember mercy is  
infinite.

Faust. But Faustus offence can nere be pardoned:

O Gentlemen hear me with patience and tremble not at my  
speeches, though my heart pant and quiver to remember that  
I have been a Student here these 30 years. O would I had  
never seen Wittenberge, never read book, and what wonders I  
have done, all Germany can witness; yea all the world: for  
which, Faustus hath lost both Germany, and the world, yea  
Heaven it self: and must remain in Hell for ever. Hell, O  
Hell for ever. Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus be-  
ing in Hell for ever?

2. Yet Faustus call on Heaven.

Faust. Whom Faustus hath abjur'd? whom Faustus hath  
blasphem'd? I would weep, but the Divel draws in my teares,  
Gush forth blood instead of tears, Oh he staves my tongue:  
I would lift up my hands, but see they hold'em, they  
hold'em,

All. Who Faustus?

Faust. Why Lucifer and Mephostophilis, O Gentlemen,

## The Tragical History

I gave them my soul for my cunning.

All. Heaven forbid.

Fauſt. Heaven forbade it indeed, but Faſtus hath done it: for the vain pleasure of four and twenty years, hath Faſtus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a Bill with mine own blood, the date is expired: this is the time and he will fetch me.

1. Why did not Faſtus tell us of this before, that Divines might have prayed for thee.

Fauſt. Oft have I thought to have done so: but the Devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I nam'd Heaven; to fetch me body and soul if I once gave eare to Divinity; and now it is too late, Gentlemen away, leaſt you perish with me.

2. O what may we doe to ſave Faſtus?

Fauſt. Talke not of me, but ſave your ſelves and depart.

3. God will ſtrengthen me, I will ſtay with Faſtus?

1. Tempt not God ſweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

Fauſt. I, pray for me, pray for me, and what noise ſoever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me:

2. Pray thou and we will pray, that God may have mercy upon thee.

Fauſt. Gentlemen farewell: if I live till morning, Ile visit you; if not Faſtus is gone to Hell.

All. Faſtus farewell.

*Exeunt Schollers.*

Meph. I Faſtus now thou haſt no hopes of Heaven,  
Therefore diſpair, think only upon Hell,  
For that muſt be thy mansion there to dwell.

Fauſt. O thou bewitching Feind I 'twas thy temptation,  
Hath rob'd me of eternal hapineſſ.

Meph. I do confeſſ it Faſtus, and rejoyce.

'Twas I, that when thou wert i'th way to heaven,  
Dam'n'd up thy paſſage, when thou took ſt the book,  
To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves,  
And led thine eye.

What weep'ſt thou tis to late; despaire. Farewell.

Fools

# The Tragical History

Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in Hell.

Exit.

Enter the Good Angel, and the Devil at several doors.

Good. O Faustus, if thou hadst given ear to me,  
Innurable joyes had followed thee  
But thou didst love the World.

Bad. Gave ear to me,  
And now must taste Hell pains perpetually.

Good. O what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps,  
Avail thee now?

Bad. Nothing but vex thee more,  
To want in Hell, that had on earth such store.

Musick while Throne descends.

Good. O thou hast lost celestial hapines,  
Plasures unspeakable,  
Hadst thou affected sweet Divinity,  
Hell or the Devil had no dower on thee :  
Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus behold,  
In what resplendant glory thou hadst  
In yonder Throne, like those bright shining Saints ;  
And triumph over Hell : that hast thou lost,  
And now (poor soul) must thy good Angel leave thee,  
The jaws of Hell is ready to receive thee.

Exit.

Hell is discovered.

Bad. Now Faustus let thine eyes with horror stare  
Into that vast perpetual torture house ;  
There are the Furies tossing damned souls,  
On burning forks, their bodies boyle in lead  
There are live quarters broyling on the Coles  
That ne're can dye : this over-burning Chair,  
Is for or'e tortur'd souls to rest them in.  
These that are fed with sops of flaming fire.

of Doctor Faustus.

Where gluttons, that lov'd only delicacies ;  
And laugh to see the poor starve at their gates :  
But yet all these are nothing, thou shalt see  
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

Faust. O I have seen enough to torture me.

Tad. Nay thou must see them; 'tis the smart of all,  
He that loves pleasure, must for pleasure fall ;  
And so I leave thee Faustus till anon,  
Then wilt thou tumble in confusion.

Exit,

The Clock strikes Eleven.

Faust. O Faustus.  
Now hast thou but one bear hour to live,  
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.  
Stand still, you ever moving Sphæres of Heaven,  
That time may cease, and midnight never come,  
Fair natures eye, rise, rise again and make  
Perpetual day ; or let this hour be but a year,  
A moneth, a week, a natural day,  
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.

O lente, lente, currite nesciis equi.  
The Stars move still, time runs, the Clock will strike,  
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be lost.  
O lie leap up to Heaven, who pulls me down ?  
Yet will I call on it ; O spare me  
Where is it now ? 'tis gone.  
Mountains and Hills come, come and fall on me.  
And hide me from the heavy wrath of Heaven.  
No ; then will I headlong run into the earth :  
Gape earth : O no, it will not harbour me.  
You Stars that reign'd at my Nativity,  
Whose influence hath allotted death and Hell,  
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist  
Into the entrals of your labouring clouds,  
That when you vomit forth into the Aire,  
My Limbs may issue from your smoakie mouths,  
But let my soul mount, and ascend to Heaven.

## The Tragical History

### *The Watch strikes.*

O half the hour is past 'twill all be past anon,  
O, if my soul must suffer for my sin,  
Impose some end to my incessant pain :  
Let *Faustus* live in Hell a thousand years,  
A hundred thousand and at the last be sav'd :  
No end is limited to damo'd souls.

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul ?  
Or why is this immortal that thou hast ?  
Oh *Phythagoras*, *Metempsychosis*, were that true,  
This soul should flye from me, & lie be chang'd  
Into some brutish beast.

All beasts are happy, for when they dye,  
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in Elements :  
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell,  
Cufft be the Parents that engendred me ;  
No *Faustus*, curse thy self, curse *Lucifer*,  
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

### *The Clock strikes twelve.*

It strikes, it strikes, now body turn to aire,  
Or *Lucifer* will bear the quick to Hell.  
O soul be chang'd into small water drops,  
And fall into the Ocean where be found.

### *Thunder and enter the Devils.*

O Mercy heaven, look not so fierce on me,  
Adders and Serpents let me breathe a while ;  
Ugly Hell gape not, come not *Lucifer*,  
Ile burn my book's : Oh *Mephostophilis*.

### *Enter Schallers.*

1. Come Gentlemen, let us go visit *Faustus*,  
For such a dreadful night was never seen,  
Since first the worlds creation did begin.  
Such fearful shrikes and cries were never heard ;

¶ Doctor Faustus.

Pray heaven the Doctor have escapt the danger.

2. O help us hevens, for he's all his limb's,  
All torn asunder by the hand of death. O  
3. The Devil whom Faustus serv'd hath torn him thus. O  
For twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought I heard him strike and call me. I was at the school At which same time the hour struck twelve, with such a noise With dreadful horror of those sounds Faustus did cry out. O  
2. Well Gentleman though Faustus were dead, As every Christian heart humours to think him, yet am I Yet for he was a Scholar of no mean skill. For wondrous knowledge had Germane School. O We'll give his mangled limbs due burial and inter him And all the Students clothe him in mourning. Which is a curse illa Shall wait upon his heavy funeral. O Heilung! O Chorus.

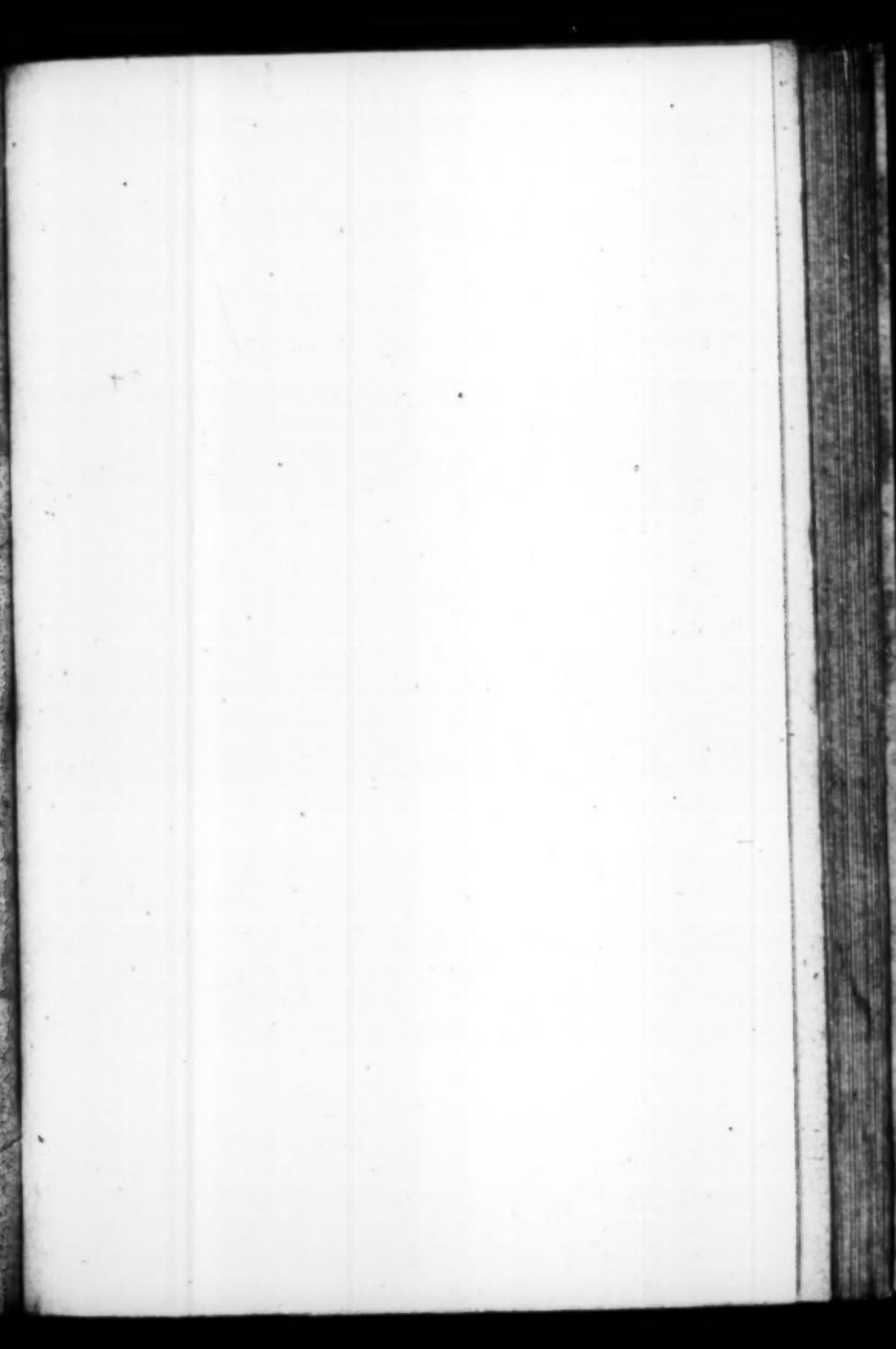
Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight, and staid, And burned is Appollo's Laurel bough,

That sometime grew within this learned man. Faustus is gone, regard his Hellish fall, Whose mortal fortune may exhort the enterprised to despair. Only to wonder at unlawful things, and to despise all honest. Whole deepness doth intice such forward wits, that cannot learn To practice more than heavenly power permits.

Terminus hyrcanum, intramus hunc vestrum portum. O  
; omnia ad meum permissa sunt, sed nihil A  
; quod non potest esse, possit. Hoc nullum est  
; videlicet, quod non potest esse, possit. O

F Y N S.

¶ Dr. Faustus, or the Devil's Doctor. C.  
¶ A new Play in five Actes. By T.  
H. Everyman. Printed for J. D. 1616.



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The ACTORS Names.

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**MUSEUM  
BRITAN  
NICVM**

Faustus.  
Mephistophilis.  
Good Angell.  
Bad Angell.  
Three Scholers.  
Seven Deadlie Sinner.  
Lucifer, Belzebub, three Devils more.  
Duke and Duchess of Saxonie.  
Emperour of Farnay.  
Frederick.  
Martino. { Three Gentlemen.  
Benvolio.  
Solamaine the Emperour and Empery.  
Mustapha. { Two Bashawes.  
Calph.  
Robin the Clowne.  
Dickt the Hollier.  
Cartier.  
Hercules-conqueror.  
Mofus.  
Mayenne.

The

# THE TRAGEDY OF Doctor Faustus.

Enter Chorus.

**N**ot marching in the fields of *Tharsis*,  
Where Mars did make the warlike *Carthaginians*,  
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,  
In Courts of Kings, where state is over-turn'd:  
Nor in the pomp of prond audacious deeds,  
Intends our muse to vaunt his heavenly verse:  
Only this (*Gentles*) we must now performe,  
The form of *Faustus* fortunes, good or bad:  
And now to patient judgements we appeal,  
And speak for *Faustus* in his infancy.  
Now is he born of parents base of stock,  
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes,  
At riper years to *Wittenberge* he wens,  
Wheras his kinsman chiefly brought him up.  
So much he profits in divinity,  
That shortly he was grac'd with Doctors name,  
Excelling all, and sweetly in dispute  
In th' heavenly matters of the world:  
Till swolne with cunning, and a self conceit,  
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,  
And melting, heavens became his overthrow:  
For falling to a Devillish exercise,  
And glutted now with learnings golden gifts,  
He surfeets on the cursit Necromancy.

# The Tragical History

Nothing so sweet, as Magick is to him,  
Which he prefers before his chiefeſt blisſ,  
And this the man that in hiſtudy ſits.

Faſtus in hiſtudy

Faſt. Settle thy ſtudie Faſtus and begin  
To ſound the depth of that thou wil profeffe,  
Having commenc'd by a divine in thow,  
Yet level at the end of every Art,  
And live and die in Ariftotles works.  
Sweet Analitickes, 'tis thou haſt ravifht me,  
~~But diſtore off finis Logics.~~  
Is to diſpute well logikes chiefeſt end ?  
Affords this Art no greater miracle ?  
Then read no more, thou haſt attain'd that end.  
A greater ſubject fitteſt Faſtus wit :  
Bid Orconomy farewel, and Galen come,  
Be a Phyſician Faſtus, heap up gold,  
And be eterniz'd for ſome wondrouſ cure :  
~~Suumnum bonum medicina facit aſt.~~  
The end of Phyſick is our bodies health :  
Why Faſtus haſt thou not attain'd that end ?  
Are not thy Bills hung up as monuments,  
Whereby whole Cities haue eſcap'd the plagues,  
And divers desperate maladies been cur'd ?  
Yet art thou ſtill but Faſtus, and a man,  
Couldſt thou make men to live eternally,  
Or being dead raise men to life again,  
Then this profeſſion were to be eternall ?  
Phyſick farewel where is Julianus ?  
~~Si una eadem que reſ legatus duobus,~~  
~~Alter rem, alter vaſorem rei, &c.~~  
A paſty caſe of paſtry legacien,  
Exhereditari filium non potest Pater, niſi Re...  
Such is the ſubject of the Inſtitutes,  
And universal body of the law,  
This ſtudy ſits a mercenary drudge,  
Whymes or nothing but eternal traffe,  
Too ſerious and illiberal for me.

When

When all is done Divinsky is best :

Jeromes Bible Faustus view it well :

*Stipendium peccati mortis est, ha? Stipendum, &c.*

The reward of sin is death ? that's hard,

*Sic peccasse negamus, fallimur, quoniam est in nobis veritas :*

If we say we have no sinnes,

VVe deceive our selves, and there is no truth in us,

VVhy then belike we must sinne,

And so consequently die.

I, we must die an everlasting death.

VVhat doctrine call you this ? *Che sera, sera ?*

VVhat shall be, shall be : Divinity adew.

These Mataphysics of Magicians,

And negromantick books are heavenly,

Lines, circles, letters, Characters :

I, these are those that Faustus most defineth,

O what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, and omnipotence

/s promis'd so the studious Artizan,

All thing: that move between the quies pols,

Shall be at my command : Emperors and Kings

Are but obey'd in their several Provinces :

But his dominion that exceeds in this,

Stretches as far as doth the mind of man :

A sound Magician is a Devil-god,

Here strew my brains to get a Deity,

*Enter Wag.*

Wag. command me to my dearest friends,

The Germane Valdes and Coriolanus,

Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will sir,

*Exit.*

Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me,

Than all my labours, plod I were so fast,

*Enter the Angel and Spirit.*

Good Ang. O Faustus lay that damned book aside,

And gaze not on it, least it tempts thy heart to blasphemy,

Bad Ang. Go forward Faustus in that famous Art

VWhereto,

# THEATRUM MAGICKÆ

Wherein all Natures treasure is contain'd :

Bethou on earth as Jove is in the sky,

Lord and commander of these Elements. *Exit Ang.*

*Frus.* How am I glutted with conceit of this?

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?

Resolve me of all ambiguities?

Perform what desperate enterprises / will?

I'le have them flye to / ndia for Gold,

Ransack the Ocean for Orient Pearl,

And search all corners of the new found world

For pleasant fruits, and princely delicat's,

I'le have them read me strange Philosophy,

And tell the secrets of all foriegn Kinges;

I'le have them wall all Germany with Brasse,

And with swift Rhine circle all Wittenbergh:

I'le have them fill the publick Schools with skill,

Wherewith the Students shall be bravely clad,

I'le levy Souldiers with the coyo they bring,

And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,

And reign sole King of all the Provinces:

Yea stranger Engines for the brunt of war,

Than was the fiery keel at Anwerpe bridge;

I'le make my servile spirits to invent,

Come Germane Valdes and Cornelius,

And make me wise with your sage conference.

*Valdes, sweet Valdes and Cornelius,*

Know that your words have won me at the last,

To practise magick and concealed Arts,

Philosophy is odious and obscure :

Both law and phyfick are for petty wits,

Tis Magick, Magick that hath ravish't me

Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt,

Andl that have with subile Syllogisme

Gravel'd the pakers of the Germane Church,

And made the flowring pride of Wittenberge

Swarne to my Problemes, as th' infernal spirits

On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,

Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,

*Essex Valdes  
and Cornel.*

Whose

# OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

*Val.* Faustus, These books thy wit; and our experience,  
Shall make all nations canonize us.

As Indian Moors obey their Spanish Lord :

So shall the spirits of every element,

Be alwales serviceable to us three :

Like Lyons shall they guard us when we please;

Like Almain Rusters with their horsemens slaves,

Or Lopland Giants trotting by our sides.

Sometimes like women or unwedded maids,

Shawdoing more beauty in their Airet brow,

Than have the white breifs of the Queen of love,

From Venice they shall drag whole Argosies,

And from America the golden Fleece,

That yearly stuffe old Phisips treasury;

If learned Faustus will be resolute.

*Faust. Valdes.* As resolute am I in this;

As thou to live : therefore object it not.

*Corn.* The miracliss that Magick will perform,

Will make thee vow to study nothing else,

He that is grounded in Astrology,

Inricht with tongues, well seen in Minerals,

Hath all the Principles Magick doth require;

Then doubt not Faustus but to be renown'd,

And more frequented for this mystery,

Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle,

The spirtes tell me they can dry the Sea,

And fetch the treasure of all forrain wreckes :

Yea, all the wealth that our fore-fathers hid,

Within the maffie intrales of the earth :

Then tell me Faustus what shall we three want.

*Faust.* Nothing Cornelius; O this cheers my soul.

Come, shew me some demonstrations Magical,

that I may conjure in some bushy grove,

And have these Joyes in full possession.

*Vald.* Then haft thee to some solitary grove,

And bear wile Bacons and Albianus works,

The Hebrew Psalter, and new testaments,

And

And when I have done with him,  
We will informe thee ere our conference cease,

*Cor. Faust.* First let him know the words of Art,  
And then all other ceremonie learn'd.

*Faust.* May try his cunning by himself.

*Cal.* First I'll instruct her in the rudiments,  
And then will than be perfecter then I.

*Faust.* Then come and dine with me, and after meat,  
We'll canualte every quiddity thereof;  
For ere I sleep I'll try what I can doe,  
This night we conjure though I die therefore.

*Exsunt omnes.*

*Enter two Scholars.*

*1. Sch.* I wonder what becomes of *Faustus* that was wont to  
make our Schooles ring with his pranks. *Enter Wag.*

*2. Sch.* What shall we presently know, here comes his boy,

*3. Sch.* How now friend, where's thy Master?

*Wag.* God in heaven knows.

*3. Sch.* Why, dost not thou know then?

*Wag.* No I know but that fellow is horrid.

*1. Sch.* Who so furnish, laye your Jelling, and tell where he is.

*Wag.* That followes not by force of argument, which you  
being *Lionines* shold stand upon, therefore acknowledge  
your errore, and be attentive.

*2. Sch.* Then you will not tell me?

*Wag.* You are deceiv'd, for I will tell you: yet if you were  
not dunces, you would never ask me such a question. For it  
is not *Cornu naturale*, and is not that *mobile*? then where-  
fore should you ask me such a question? but that I am by na-  
ture flagitious, slow to wrath, and prone to lecherous (to leche  
I would say,) it were not for you to come within talk of  
the place of execution, although I do not doubt but to set you  
both hanged this next sabbath. Thus having example over  
you, I will see my countenance, and a good while you will haue  
no leake thus; truly my deere scholars, thy Master is  
within at dinner with *Felday* and *Cyprian*, as this Wine if it  
could speake would informe your worships; and to the Lord

**bless you, preserve you, and keep you my dear brother, God I  
Exit.**

**2** *Seb.* O *Praefat*; then I fear the which I have long suspected,  
That then art fallen into the damned art,  
For which they two are infamous abovew the world.

**3 Sobs.** Were he a stranger not allied to me,  
The danger of his soul would make me mourn;  
But come let us go, and inform the Redon.  
It may be his grave council may reclaim me.

**Sab.** I fear me nothing will restrain him now.

**18 Sch.** Yet let us see what we can do. **Moscow;**

**Daylight** *Super D*  
starch

*Faust.* Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,  
Longing to view Orion's drilling look,  
Leaps from the Autartick world unto the sky,  
And dims the *Wolke* with his pitchy branch,  
*Faustus* begin chime Incantations,  
And try i. Divisi will obey thy bids,  
Seeing thou haſt preſid and ſacrific'd to them,  
VVithin this circle is the names of all infernal spirits,  
And Characters of Signs and crying Stars,  
By which the spirits are inforc'd to rise :  
Then fear not *Faustus* can be refolument,  
And try the wondrous Magick can perform.

**Thunder.** Sint nicht Die Achternis  
Jeben, spasi, dattin, Achternis,  
dage Beizelach, in den Achternis,  
Mietz, mietz, mietz, Achternis,  
Komm' mir : Das Achternis, Achternis,  
Gewonne jenseit, Achternis, Achternis,  
dattin Achternis, Achternis dicatus.

To change their behavior and change they must.

700

*The Tragical History of  
Faustus, or, The Devil's Disciple.*

Thou art too ugly to stand on me !  
Go and return an old Franciscan Friar,  
That holy shape becomes a Devil best.  
I see there's vertue in my heavenly words,  
VVho would not be prouid in this Are ?  
How playnt is this Mephistophilis ?  
Full of obedience and humility,  
Such is the force of Magick and my speeche.

*Meph.* Now Faustus what wouldest thou have me doe ?

*Faust.* I charge thee wait upon me whilst I have,

To do what ever Faustus shall command :  
Be it to make the Moon drop from her Sphere,  
Or the Ocean to overwhelm the world.

*Meph.* I am a servant to great Lucifer,  
And may not follow thee without his leave ;  
No more than he commands must we performe.

*Faust.* Did not he charge thee to appear to me ?

*Meph.* No, I came hither of mine own accord.

*Faust.* Did not my conjuring railmes to speake ?

*Meph.* That was the cause, but yet no accident ?

For when we hear one swear,  
We flye, in hope to get him ;  
Nor will we come unlesse he ile such a curse,  
VWhereby he ile in danger to be lost.

Therefore the shorkest cut for conjuring  
Is shortly to accuse all godlike men,  
And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

Hee cometh forth with wings as snow, and holds illuynckle,  
Whise is his helme, and his vesture ?  
To whom hee will hee dedicate himself,  
VVhat word bringe Ioue serched not me,  
But leaving their vaine trifles,  
Tell me, what is that Lucifer, thy Lord ?

*Meph.* Arch-argent and Commander of Spirits.

*Faust.* VVhat not that Lucifer an Angel once ?

*Meph.*

Meph. Yes Faustus.

Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of Devils?

Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence, To satisfy his lusts. T  
For which he was thrown from the face of Heaven.

Faust. And what art you that live with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy spirit that lives with Lucifer, Conspir'd against heaven with Lucifer, And are for ever lost with Lucifer.

Faust. What art you damned? Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of Hell?

Meph. Why this is Hell, nor am I out of It.

Thinkest thou that I, that,

Tasted the eternal joyes of Heaven,

Am not tormented with ten thousand Hells,

In being depriv'd of everlasting blissey,

O Faustus leave these frivolous demands,

VVhich strike a terror to my fainting heart.

Faust. What is great Mephophilis so passionate?

For being deprived of the joyes of heaven, Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,

And scorn those joyes thou never didst possess.

Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer;

Seeing Faustus hath incur'd eternal death,

By desperate thoughts against poor Decay,

Say he surrenders up to him his self,

So he will spare him four and twenty years,

Letting him live till all voluptuousness,

Having ther ever to attend on me,

To give thte whatsoever I shall ask,

To tell me whatsoever I demand:

To stay mine members, and to aid my friends,

And alwaies be obedient to my will,

Go and return to infamy Lucifer,

And know me to be thy master still,

And then resolve me of thy masters will,

I will Fawstus, and now tell your master,

That I have many such like demands,

I'd give them all for Mephophilis,

y<sup>t</sup> him I'le be great Emperour of the world,  
And make a bridge thorow the moving Air,  
To passe the Ocean with a hand of men.  
I'le joyne the hills that bind the Africk thore,  
And make that country contynous so Spaine,  
And both contributery to my Crown;  
The Emperour shall not live but by my leave,  
Nor any potentate of Germany.  
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd,  
I'le live in speculation of this Art,  
Till Mephistophilis returne again.

Exit.

Enter Wagner and the Clown.

Wag. Come bither fircall boy,  
Cl. Boy, O disgrace to my person: boy in your face,  
you have seen many hoyes with beards; I am sure.

Wag. Hast thou no commings in?  
Cl. And goings out too, you may see sir.  
Wag. Alas poor slave, see how poverty juts in his nakedness: I know the willde's out of service, and so hungry than I know he would give his soul to the Devil for a shoulder of Mutton, though it were blood raw.

Cl. Not so neither, I had need to have it well rosted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear, / can tell you.

Wag. Sirra, wilt thou be my man and wait upon me? and I will make thee go, like *Qui mihi discipulus*.

Cl. What in verste?

Wag. No slave in bearen skin, and slaves alredy.

Cl. Staves-aker? that's good to kill veraines them bullike. If I serve you I shall be houfie his pabas valentyne and vch o't

Wag. Why so thou shall be, whether thou dost it or no't for fircall, if thou dost presently bind thy selfe somme for seven years, I'le turn all the lice about thee into familiars and make them teare thee in pieces.

Cl. Nay sir you may spare your selfe a libtow, for therare as familiar with me, and they guid for their merr and miserie. I can tell you.

# VOLUME XXXIX OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

*Wag.* Well sirra, have your jesting, and take these guilders.

*Clo.* Yes marry sir, and I thank you too.

*Wag.* so, now thou art to be at an hours warning, whensoe  
ver and where so ever the Devil shall such aches.

*Clo.* Here take your guilders again, it's none of 'em.

*Wag.* Not I, thou art preft, prepare thyself, for I will pre-  
sent to raise up two Devils to carry thre away, *Faust, Belcher,*

*Clo.* Belcher, and Belcher come here, it's beitch him, I am not  
afraid of a Devil.

*Wag.* How now sir, will you leave me now?

*Clo.* I good *Wagner*, take away the Devil then.

*Wag.* Spirits away, now firrah follow me.

*Clo.* I will sir, but heach you maffer, will you teach me this  
conjuring occupation?

*Wag.* I firra, I'll teach thee to turn thy self to a Dog, or a  
Cat, or a Mouse, or a Rat, or any thing.

*Clo.* A Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Rat? O brave Wag-  
ner!

*Wag.* Villaine, call me Master *Wagowr*, and see that you will  
attentively, and let your right eye be stoned Diametrically  
fix upon my left heele, that thou maist Quasi refugia ver-  
itas infisere.

*Clo.* Well sir, I warrant you.

*Transl.*

## ACT. II.

Enter Faustus in his Study.

*Faust.* Now Faustus must thou needs be lost.

*Faust.* Canst thou not be fay'd,

What beot's it then to think on Heaven?

Away with such vain fancies and despair,

Despair in heaven and smile in Hell,

Now go not back Faustus, be resolute,

What art thou? O something founded in malice only,

Above this Magick heaven and my soul.

*Enter*

*Dr. A.*

# FAUSTUS OR THE TRAGEDY

Enter the two Angels.

**Evil Ang.** Go forward! Faustus in that most famous Act,<sup>7</sup>

**Good Ang.** Sweet Faustus leave that execrable Act.<sup>7</sup>

**Faust.** Contrition, Prayer, Repentance, what be these?

**Good Ang.** O, they are means to bring men unto heaven.<sup>7</sup>

**Evil Ang.** Rather illus'ry fruits of humanity,<sup>7</sup>

That make men foolish that do use them most.<sup>7</sup>

**Good Ang.** Sweet Faustus think of heaven & heavenly things,<sup>7</sup>

**Bad A.** No Faustus: think of honor & of wealth. *Enter Mep.*

**Faust.** Wealth; why the signory of England shall be mine;  
When Mephostophilis shall stand by me.

What power can hurt me? Faustus thou art safe so gain'ring.<sup>7</sup>

**Cold** no more doubts; Mephostophilis come.<sup>7</sup>

And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer.<sup>7</sup>

It's not midnight & come Mephostophilis,<sup>7</sup>

**Veni, Veni, Astephostophilis.** *Enter Meph.*

Now tell me, what faith Lucifer thy Lord?<sup>7</sup>

**Meph.** That I shall walk on Faustus whilst he lives,<sup>7</sup>

So thou will buy his service with thy blood.<sup>7</sup>

**Faust.** Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.<sup>7</sup>

**Meph.** But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,<sup>7</sup>

And write a deed of Gift with it,<sup>7</sup>

For that security craves Lucifer,<sup>7</sup>

If thou deny it / must track to Hell.<sup>7</sup>

**Faust.** Stay Mephostophilis; and tell me  
What good will that do thy Lord?<sup>7</sup>

**Meph.** Enlarge His Kingdom.<sup>7</sup>

**Faust.** Is that the reason why he tempes us thus?<sup>7</sup>

**Meph.** Solatum miseri' scelerum dabitur.<sup>7</sup>

**Faust.** Why, have you any pain that tortures us thus?<sup>7</sup>

**Meph.** As great as have the humane spirits of men.<sup>7</sup>

But tell me Faustus: shall I have my soul?<sup>7</sup>

And I will be thy slave and walk on thee.<sup>7</sup>

And give that more then thou hast with me.<sup>7</sup>

**Faust.** I Mephostophilis, I'll give it him.<sup>7</sup>

**Meph.** Then Faustus has thine arm conseruantly,<sup>7</sup>

*Act*

And blind thy soul that at some certain day

Great Lucifer may claim his own.

Then be thou argent as Lucifer.

Faust. Lo Meph., for love of thee, I will refresh cut his arme,  
And wish his proper blood affurnish himself to be great Lucifer;  
Chief lost me concept of personal noblesse.  
View here this blood that will rise from mine arm,  
And let it be propitious for thy will.

Meph. But Faustus,

Writ in memory of a Deed of Sile.

Faust. I so I doe; but Meph., refresh him,  
My blood conjeals and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve his Arayle.

Faust. What might the slaying of my blood portend?  
It is unwilling I shoud wish the kill.  
Why dreams is not that I may write a book?  
Faust gives to thes his soul: O there it stand.  
Why shouldest thou not? It is not thine own.  
Then write again: Faust gives to thes his.

Enter Mephis with the Chariot of fire.

Meph. See Faustus here is fire, see Japan.

Faust. So now the blood begins to clear again,  
Now will I make an end immediately.

Meph. What will he now do to our disengagement?  
Faust. Confirmation of this kill is needed.  
And Faustus hath binneach'd himselfe no less.  
But what is this intermission on mine Arayle? Is it the sunnes  
Horne long, wherupon shall I lilye?  
If unto heaven her I throw me downe so helpe me rayne and sunne,  
My bones are dreary & there's nothing writhen in them but woe.  
O you, I see it plain, even here is woe.  
Hencefore, you shall noe Faustus fly.

Meph. I'll fetch him somwhat to delight his mind. Exit.

*Enter Devils giving Crowns and rich apparel to  
Faustus; they dance and then depart,  
Enter Mephistophilis.*

Faust. What means this? Speak Mephistophilis.  
Meph. Nothing Faustus, but to delite thy mind,  
And let thee see what magick can perform.

Faust. But may I raise such spirits when I please?  
Meph. I Faustus, and do greater things then thou thinkest.  
Faust. Then Mephistophilis witness to me, that I did  
This deed of gift; but yet conditionally, that thou perform  
All covenants and articles between us both.

Meph. Faustus, I swear by Hell and Lucifer,  
To effect all promises between us both.

Meph. Faustus Then hear me read it Mephistophilis,  
On these conditions following.

First, That Faustus may be a spirit in forme and substance.  
Secondly, That Mephistophilis shall be his servant and be  
him commanded.

Thirdly, That Mephistophilis shall serve him, and bring him  
whatsoever he requireth.

Fourthly, That he shall be his companion for his life.

Lastly, That he shall give him the field John Faustus at all times,  
in what shape and forme hee will have it.

I John Faustus of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents do  
give my selfe to Lucifer, Prince of the Devils, and his familiar Mephi-  
stophilis, and furthermore grant unto them that I am and shall  
years here expressed, and that I wille have nothing but what  
I have, full power to féece or barter the said John Faustus by my  
blood into their habitation where soever.

Witnessed this 13 day of May 1592  
John Faustus

Meph. Speak Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. I take it, and the devil give good of it,

Meph. So now I warrant what thou wile.

Faust. First, I will question thee about Hell.

Tell me, where is that place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the Heavens.

Faust. I so are all things else; but where abouts?

Meph. Within the bowels of these Elements,

Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd

In one self-place: but wheresoever we are in hell,

And where hell is there must we ever be.

And to be short, when all the world dissolves,

And every creature shall be purified,

All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

Faust. I think hell's a mere fable.

Meph. I think so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why dost thou think that Faustus shall be lost?

Meph. Of necessity, for here's the scowle

In which thou hast given thy spirit to Lucifer.

Faust. I, and body, and what of that?

Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine

That after this life there is any pain?

No, these are trifles, and mere old wives' tales.

Meph. But I am an instance to prove the contrary:

For I tell thee I am damn'd and now in Hell.

Faust. Nay and this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd:

What sleeping, eating, walking, and dispousing?

But leaving this, let me have a wife, the fairest maid in Germany, for I am wanton and lascivious, and cannot live without a wife.

Meph. Well Faustus, thou shalt have a wife.

*He furbishes in a Woman Devil.*

Faust. What sight is this?

Meph. Now Faustus will thou have a wife?

Faust. Here's a bobs whore indeed: no, I'll no wife:

Meph. Marriage is but a ceremonial toy,

And if thou lovest me think no more of it:

I'll call thee out the fairest Cortezans,

And bring them every morning to thy bed:

FAUSTUS IN HIS STUDY

She whom thy eye shall like, thy heart shall have.  
Were she as chaste as were Penelope,  
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful  
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.  
Here, take this book and peruse it well;  
The iterating of these lines bringe gold.  
The framing of this circle on the ground  
Brings Thunder, Whirlwinds, storme and lightning,  
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thy self,  
And men in harness shall appear to thee,  
Ready to execute what thou commandst.

*Faust.* Thanks Mephostophilis for this sweet book;  
This will I keep as chary as my life. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Wagner solus.*

*Wag.* Learned *Faustus*,  
To know the secrets of Astronomy,  
Graven in the book of Jovis high firmament,  
Did mount himself to scale Olympus top,  
Being seated in a Chariot burning bright,  
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons necks,  
He now is gone to prove Cosmography,  
And as I guesse will not arrive at Rome,  
To see the Pope and manner of his Court:  
And take some part of holy Peters scall,  
That on this day is solemnized. *Ex. Wagner*

*Enter Faustus in his Study and Mephostophilis.*

*Faust.* When I behold the Heavens, then I repine,  
And curse the wicked Mephostophilis,  
Because thou hast depriv'd me of thys joyes.

*Meph.* Twas thy own seeking *Faustus*, thank thy self,  
But thinkst thou hast such a glorious thing?

I tell thee Faustus it is not half so fair  
As thou or any man that breaths on earth.

Faust. How prouft thou that?

Meph. Twas made for man, then he's more excellency.

Faust. If heaven was made for man, it was made for me;  
I will renounce this magick and repent.

*Enter the two Angels.*

Good An. Faustus repant, yest heaven will pity thee;

Bad An. Thou art a spirit, it cannot pity thee.

Faust. VVho bewails in mine ears, I am a Spirit?

Be I a Devil, yet heaven may pity me;

Yea it will pity me if I repent.

Bad An. I, but Faustus never shall repent.

*Exit An.*

Faust. My hearts is hardened, Faustus repant,

Scarce can I name salvation, faith or heaven:

Swords, poisons, halters, and invenom'd steele,

Are laid before me to dispatch my selfe:

And long ere this I should have done the deet,

Ned not sweet pleasure conuerted deep dispair?

Have I not made blind Homer sing to me

Of blinder love, and dying death?

And hast not he that built the walls of Thebes,

With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,

Made me sick with my Mephostophilis?

VVhy should I die them, or basely dispair?

I am resolv'd Faustus shall not repent.

Come Mephostophilis, let us dispute again,

And season of divine Astrology,

Speculate the many Spheres above the Moon,

Are all Celestial bodies but one Globe,

As is the substance of this Earthly Earth?

Meph. As much the Elements such are the Heavens,

Even from the Moon unto the Emperiall Orb,

Mutually folded in each other's Spheres,  
And jointly move upon one axie-tree, from whence no note  
Whose terminus is termed the worlds wide Pole.  
Not are the names of Saturn, Mars or Jupiter,  
Fain'd, but are evening stars.

Faust. But have they all one motion both *seors et tempore*?  
Meph. All move from East to West in four and twenty  
hours, upon the poles of the world, but differ in their motions  
upon the place of the Zodiacke.

Faust. These slender questions Wagner can decide;  
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?  
Who knows not the double motion of the Planets?  
That the first is finish'd in a natural day,  
The second thus, Saturn in 30 years;  
Jupiter in 12, Mars in 4, the Sun Venus and  
Mercury in a year, the Moon in twenty eight days.  
These are fresh mens questions, but tell me, hath every  
Sphere a Dominion, the *Intelligencia*?

Faust. How many heavens or spheres are there?  
Meph. Nine, the seven Planets, the Firmament, and the  
Emperial Heaven,

Faust. But is there not *Caelum agnum et Caelum minus*?  
Meph. No Faust, they be but fables.

Faust. Resolve me then this question: Why are not Conjunctions, Oppositions, Aspects, Eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

Meph. Per irae qualiter motum reficitur.

Faust. Well, I am answer'd; now tell me who made the world?

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis tell me.

Meph. Move me not Faustus.

Faust. Villain have not I bound thee to tell me any thing?

Meph. That is not against our Kingdome, This is: thou art lost, think thou of Hell.

Faust. Think Faustus upon him that made the world.

Meph. Remember this.

Faust.

Faust. I go accursed spirits to ugly hell :  
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus soul, it's not too late ?

Act first com.

Enter the two Angels.

Julian Twiss. Act I.

Bad. Too late, it is now past, now I will not. *Re-enter Gold Ang.* Gold Ang. Never too late if Faustus will repent, as I shew. *Re-enter Bad.* Bad. If thou repent, Devils will tear thee in pieces. *Re-enter Gold Ang.* Gold. Repent and they shall never raze thy skin. Ex. Ar.

Oh help distressed Faustus, now I am here. *Re-enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephostophilis.* Lucifer. Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephostophilis. *Re-enter Faustus.* Faustus. He cannot save thy soul, for he is just. *Re-enter Lucifer.* Lucifer. There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faustus. O what art thou that lookst so terribly ? Lucifer. I am Lucifer, and this is my companion prince in hell. Faustus. O Faustus, they are come to fetch thee. Belzebub. We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us. Lucifer. Thou cal'st on heaven contrary to thy promise. Belzebub. Thou shouldst not think her beauty. Lucifer. Think on the devilish seductions that bind me. Belzebub. And his dam too. *Re-enter Faustus.* Faustus. Nor will she thus henceforth, pardon him for this. And Faustus vombs turnes to blacke, and his eyes are red. Lucifer. So shall thou likewise till an obedient seruient. And he will highly gratifie thee for it.

Belzebub. Faustus, we are come to make his person to shew before some paffime : sit downe, Antichrist shall behold the seven deadly sinnes appear to them in their own proper shape, and likewise, *Re-enter Faustus.* That I maye diplomatoyle a to see against *Re-enter Faustus.* That she will bestowe upon me, as Paradise was to Adam the first day of the creation. *Re-enter Lucifer.* Lucifer. Take noe of Pardon from Creation, but mark the show, go Mephostophilis and fetch them in.

Mephostophilis. *Re-enter Lucifer.* I will see noe of Pardon from Creation, but mark the show, go and fetch them in.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

BELZ. New Faustus question them of their names and dispositions.

Faust. That shall I soon : what art thou the first ?  
Pride. I am PRIDE : I disdain to have any parents ; I am like no Quicke Flea, I can creep into evry corner of a weale. Sometimes like a Perriwigge I sit upon her brow : next, like a Necke-lace, I hang about her neck : then like a Fanne of Beathers, I kiss her : And then turning my selfe to a wrought blocke she whimples, But sic, what a smell is here ? I'le not speak a word more for a Kings Ransome, unlesse the ground be perfumied and covered with cloath of Aras.

Faust. Thou art a good knave indeed : what art thou the second ?

Covet. I am COVETOUS, begotten of an old Chickie in a leather bag : and might I now obtaine my wish, this house, you and all should turn to gold, that I might lock you safe into my Chest : O my sweete gold !

Faust. And what art thou the thirde, with no name ?

Envie. I am ENVIE, begotten of a Chimney-sweeper and an Oyster-wife : I cannot ride, and therefore with all booke burned. I am lean with riding, others fat. O that there would come a famine over all the world, that all might die, and I live alone, then thou shouldest say unto me, I do best. But must thou faynt ? Come downe with me to witnessance.

Faust. Oho envieous wench, but what art thou the fourth ?  
Wrath. I am WRATH : I had neither Father nor Mother, I leapt out of a Lyons mouth when I was scarce an hour old, and have ever since run up and downe the world with their oakes of Rapiers, wounding my falls : when itchid I git me a fight withall ; I was burnt in Hell, and took to me, for some of you shall be my Father.

Faust. And what art thou the fift ?

Glad. I am GLUTTONY, my parents are all dead, and the devil a penny

a penny they have left me but a small penion, and that buyes  
me thirty meales a day, and ten Beavers; a small trifles to  
suffise nature. I am of a Royal Pedigree, my Father was  
Gammon of Beacon, and my Mother was a Hogg-head of  
Claret wine. My God-fathers were there; Peas-pickled  
herrings, and Martin Martlemat-beefs; but my God-mother,  
Oglio was an ancient Gentlewoman, her name was Margery  
March-beef. Now Faustus thou hadst heard all my Discourse  
with these bidding to supposse no such fact as I say.

Faust. Not I.

Glo. Then the devil choak thee,

Faust. Chock thy selfe Gloton: what art thou the first  
Sister, May ho Faust Stroth. I was begotten on a Sunday morn,  
Hey ho, i'll not speak a word more for a kings Ransome.

Laug. And where are you milky? Milky, the seventh and

laste, Who I sir: I am one that loves an inch of raw Mat-  
ton, better then an ell of ripe Strothish; and the first letter  
of my name begins with Etchery.

Lucif. Away to hell, away, on Piper,

Faust. O how this fight doth delight my soul,

Lucif. But Faustus in hell is all manner of delight,

Faust. O mighty I see hell, and return againe; how happy

Eun. Faustus, thou shalt at midnight I will send for thee,  
Meant while peruse this book, and view it throughly.  
And thou shal then by selfe know what supprection will,

Faust. Thanks mighty Lucifer.

This will I keep as chaly as my life.

Zim. Now Faustus farewell.

Faust. Farewel great Lucifer. Come Mephistophilis.

Enter the Chorus.

What Dick looke to the horses there till I come again,  
I have gotten one of Doctor Faustus conjuring books, and now  
We'll have such knavery w's paine,

Enter

Enter Robin, with a volume open.

Dick. White Robin, you must come away and walk the horse-hill again; I saw nothing yet but *nothing*.

Rob. I walk the horses, I scorn't faith; I have other masters in hand, let the horses walk themselves an they will,

for if you see me, then I'll say a parson's a parson, and organ-ganger? keep further from me O thou illiterate and unlearned Master.

Dick. Snailor, what hast thou got there? a book? why thou canst ne're a word on't.

Rob. That thou shal'se presently : keep out of the Circle I say, and I send you into the Ostry with a vengeance.

Dick. That's like faith; you had best leave your foolery, for an my master come, he'll conjure you faith.

Rob. My master-conjure me ? i'le tell thee what, an my master come here, i'le clap a fair pair of horns on's head, as ere thou fewest an thy life.

Dick. Thou needs not do it, for my mistress hath done it.

Rob. I, there be of us here that have waded as deep into masters as other men, if they were disposed to talk.

Dick. A plague take you, I thought you did not sneak up and down after her for nothing. But I prethee tell me in good fedmisse Robin, is that a conjuring book?

Rob. Doe but speak what thououl't have me to doe, and I'le do't; If thououl't dance naked, put off thy cloths, and I'le conjure that about presently : or if thououl'r go but to the taverns with me, i'le give thee White wine, Red wine, Claret-wine, Sack, Muscadine, Malmsey, and Whippinswif, hold belly hold, and we'sl not pay one penny.

Dick. O brave, I prethee let's talk presently, for I am as dry as a dog.

Rob. Come then let us away.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Learned Faerie, to find the secrets of Astrology,  
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,

Did

Did mount to scale Olimpus top, doth saye me. I right bin  
Where sittin in a Chariot burning bright, with golden wheels  
Drawn by the strength of yoke-knot dragons necks:  
To view the Clouds, the Planets and the Stars,  
The Tropick Zoncs, and courses of cheastles: And so did I  
From the bright circle of the heated Moon, I went about to Earth,  
Even to the height of Primum mobile: But did casting my self  
And whirling round with thid circumference, did come to Rest  
Within the concerte compass of the Pole. Now for the region of  
From East to West his Dragons swifly glide, and doth defend  
And in eight dayes did bear him homeward again, thus charg'd  
Not long he staid within this quiet habitation, and in a glorie  
To rest his bones after this weary toyle, who did him no harm  
But new exploits do hault him out agen, importuned by the Devil  
And mouned then upon a Dragons back, by ev'ry region passing  
That with his wings did pass the subtle Air, and did overtake  
He now is gone to prove Cosmography, which is of howe  
That measures coasts and kingdome of the earth,  
And as I guessie will first arrive at Rome,  
To see the Pope and manner of his Court,  
And take some part of holy Peters staff,  
The which this day is highly solemnized.

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## ACT. III.

*Enter Faustus and Mephostophilis.*

Fauſt. Now, Mephostophilis, we haue bin by  
Having past with delight the famous  
Town of Tyre, environ'd round with Ayry  
Mountain tops: we came to Rome, where  
There is a Bridge cal'd Pante Angelo, upon which  
There is erected as many Cannons as there is  
Days in a compleat year, besides the Cannons

D

And

And high Pyramids, which *Jesse Gafur* did make  
Brought from Africa.

*Meph.* Having now further putt with delight  
The famous City of Babylon, and all the  
Monuments of Antiquitie, now come thither  
To see the Sultans Country, and his  
Delight great Babylon : Now, my Master,  
The Souldier with his Regimente, and his  
Solemn Feast for his late Victory,  
Obtained against the Christians, was the  
His quicke, and through undoubte, having no  
Stooles with us : comoditie.  
And thou shalte the come immediately.

*Faust.* Then hast thou good *Antonio*,  
Within eight dayes we have to the next  
Heaven, Earth, and Hell, so high our dragon  
Sword into the skie, then looking downwards,  
The Earth appear'd rounde in quietnesse,  
No bieger then my hand,  
Then in this shew let me an actor be,  
That the proud Turk may fearely cowering see.

*Meph.* *Faustus* I will, but first they  
And view theirie triumphs as they passe this way,  
And then devile when mischief best contents  
Thy mind, he cumming in thy ars to croise  
Their mirth, or dash the yarde of their  
Solennitie, so clasp huge horns upon his  
Barbures head, or any villany thou canst  
Devise, and Ile performe it. *Faustus*, bark they come,  
This day shall make thee admir'd in Babylon.

*Faust.* One thing more my good *Mephitis*,  
Let me intreat of thee that *Kastor*,  
Delighthis mind, and through their collies come  
Some mlech, so charm me, / meny appes  
Invisible to all are hers, and doe  
What are I please, uniform of any.

*Meph.* *Faustus* I will knowe downe,

VIII

Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,  
And charm thee with this Magick wand,  
Take this girdle, thou shalt appear  
Invisible to all archers;  
The Planets Seven, and the gloomy Air,  
Hell, and the furies foisted me,  
Pluto's bold fire, and Hesperus' tree,  
With Magick charms so compell me,  
That no eye may thy body see.

Now *Faym* for all their critics, do what  
Thou wilt, thou shalt not be declar'd of any.  
*Faym:* Thanks Master *Faym*,  
Now *Believers* take heed  
Left *Faym* make your flaven paces to bleed.

*Hester Sackville and her Husband.*

Sir, Welcomes *Mephistophili* from the hags of *Marte*, of mag  
And though we use no great familiarity,  
Towards our *Vassals*, but with every looks  
Maintain the reverence due to the *Devine*,  
Family, and so strike terror to our *enemis*  
Hearts : yet since the fair *Jove*, to much  
Favor'd us, as we have alwaies prou'd  
Religious town, they receaved us of our  
Yestry tribute : we will tooke our leave, and passe the road  
Limbe, and passe the time whiles by my *Louis*,  
Mirth, and to increase our joyes the more, *Come from me*,  
You, Let us here the story of *Marte* sing.

*Cs.* Dread Sovereigne,  
We no sooner ther arrived, but of all the *Devils* in Hell,  
Government, in your name to you were sent, laid before  
Demande the ten months wages of us, ad cixxijltonoxxiiij  
Unpaid : they durst alwaies make callation, and bring all  
Amongst the inhabitants of the land for it,

A moneth we granzed, in which time  
They set'st on half the Estates of all : And yet no ill did we  
The Jews amongst them : But when the warre must be brent,  
The time for truce a loured, scarce expir'd, when came in  
Arriv'd Maritime Belboſe out of Spaine, who by his aduertisement  
With great promises of his Masters aid, did exhort us  
In courag'd those of Malta not to render: at all her tribute  
Their promis'd tribute, but defend themselves : And when they  
They follow'd his advice, and made him general, M. d'Uv  
Who with those Malta Knights and lusty Seamen, on land  
So valiantly the Sea and Coast defended,  
That all our force in vain had been employ'd, but when I woul'd  
Hid not an unexpected chance relieved us in this affayre, and  
Malteba may it please you finish the story, as well as I  
For I was sent upon another design, You know it better.

Mus. One morning as our scouts reliev'd our watch,  
Hard by the City walls they found a bodye  
Senseless, and speechles, yet gave some sign  
Of life remaining in it : after some time  
Spent in recovering to himself, he did  
Confesse he was a Jew o'th town, who  
to revenge some wrongs done him by  
The Christians, would shew us how to  
Enter to the town, and in thore time  
Make us masters of it : he therefore led ouer  
Scars through a vault, and rose with them, in the  
Middle of the town, open'd the gates for us to : and it's they  
Enter in, and by that means the place  
Became our own.

Sob. Much prouful news.  
Cesph. Go call the Empereur.  
In the mean time prepare a banquet,  
She shall partake with us in our joy :  
It is too solitary to be alwaies pining  
In the Saracens tolentary lodgings :  
The greatest Princess we of humane mould,

No bow so good, but if steel breakes downe  
Will break ——— will come my dearest, ———  
Whose soft embraces my wearied limbs refresh,  
The pleasures we have receiv'd through life  
The Christians overthrow, invites us forward,  
to make a day of joy and triumph, which  
Caus'd us dearest deare thy company.

*Emp Great Solomaine,*  
The glory of the Ottawans,  
My dear and honoured Lord,  
Thus low your handeald returns your  
Highnesse thanks, that you wold be pleas'd to  
Admire your humble Vassal to partake  
Of your Joies, and the cause on't,  
*Mahomet* preserve your Majestie,  
And grant you may obtain  
Many such victories.

*Fauſt.* An excellent brancie this *Adolphus*,  
I must needs have a touch at her lips.

*Mep.* Do *Fauſt*, enjoy thy wife, glut thy fesse,  
With pleasure whilst time and occasion permis.

*Emp Mahomet* defend me.  
What's that, thou wilst no touch me?

*Fauſt.* Only a friend of yours inamour'd with  
Your beautie Ladie.

*Sols.* You seem discontemned, or else amaz'd  
At some strange accident : whence  
Offends you sweet / come drink of this Cordial  
To revive thee.

*Fauſt.* Though I much confide I have no great need  
Of cordial waters, yet i'll drink it, because  
It came from an Empresses hand :  
Here *Solomaine*, here's to thee, and all thy men  
Confusion.

*Sols.* Hell, Euries, maynots look about,  
See what's this that thus disturbe our mirth, and tell me  
Dogs, or by our holy Prophets swounds I shew.

*Venus.*

Ye all shall die the miserable death, that  
Ever wity crudty invented : how my soul is  
Tortur'd with these villanous charmes come  
Musick there to moderate these passions in  
My breath, ha / do devills haue my Palace,  
Or are they come to celebrate such meetings  
As the Christians use.

I'll find the cause of all thys strange events,  
And by our counter charmes cross their intents.  
Call our Magician forth, and let him bring  
Such necessities as his Art requires, to force  
An answer from this Jalousie friend,  
That does disturb our minds,

Meph. I'll stand by, and give me leave to act  
My part : we spirites take no pleasure in wine,  
Or women, all our delights to hurt and torment  
Men, which I'll perform on his magician,  
Vainly he servs a godnes above me, now  
Have order in our confusion, and different degrees  
Amongst us, I'll carry him away out of  
His circle, and throw him down into this  
Sinking puddle.

Fay. Why, but tell me Mephistophilis, what thou  
Attempt to venem on a man in his circle?

Meph. Because thou art our and sold to Lucifer, and  
Have promisd to serve them faithfully : The new  
Concord the secrets of our fleshly humours, the understanding  
Of great Lucifer : know all these thy command  
Spells which mortals use to make an elf,  
Appear visible, or never to their demands, in instant  
Fulfill their wills, and excentent malice on  
Their enemies, are very fable, long'd so first  
In hell, and thruh on creatures mortall  
To dective 'm.

Nor is there such a power in signs and words,  
Make us to obey : that rule the elements, the  
Momens, if we had but know, would control

VVord I say, Sir, you have done well  
TOWARD me. I will go to him, and say, Sir, I am  
Charming; there are more who will do him wrong, and  
Hurt and kill mankind, than they are willing to number.  
Ye in their force, and durance, now, and here, I have no care  
Himself to be, and you will only do much wrong.

Then, Sir, I have good Mephistophilis for this purpose,  
Oly your military.

Sir. Marry, then they shall; and joy they are bound to.  
VVere knoweth that there diMpheus can be? And then  
Command it forthwith to come.

Croce. I obey your Royal command.

VVhat have you stuck here? Friend,  
And in my hand, and I have seen  
Armitis with the power he had, and he  
At whitelid dares to stand before me.  
By far of infants newly born,  
And blood by cruel mothers spilt;  
By Hec's; leaves and flowers,  
VVhat are most stinkable? Sweet, and whitem,  
By Miles and by Miles,  
By Andromeda and Andromeda,  
I do conjure you, I do conjure you,  
That the infernal waters where  
Send from your nostrils, and let them  
Cuse of your nose, and let them curse  
The smell of which the impurest stink,  
Be a Devil, or a ghost from hell ready.

Mephistophilis. A devil,

Croce. They would who had such? Why doth not  
the King of Hell command them? Croce,  
VVhat art thou, and what art thou?  
As I bethinking to obey my host, I do conceive this  
For this surmpt of me, and fink that to the  
Kingdom of the East, or where I am in the desert of

Me. Will you so suddenly shew me? may now you more  
Me, and because your stars have made you lions cold; I'll warm you for your threatening me with water,  
And for fear you should digest a favour, by this unadvised act of y<sup>e</sup> Vnwelcome fire, in the next pond you come across I will quench your heat.

Corje. Help, help, help.

Enter *Induction*

Selio. Come my dearest, thy life is worth all ours.

Enter *Extinction*

Enter *Cloes* and *Dick* with a Cup, a basin, &c.

Dick. Sirra Robin, we were best looks that your devil can answer the stealing of this Cup, for the Viotters boy follows us at the hard heels.

Rob. Tis no matter, let him achine ; and he follows, Ile conjur him, as he was never coniur'd in his life, I warrant him ; let me see the cup,

Enter *Vintner*.

Dick. Here sirs, yonder he comes ; now Robin, now or never shew thy cunning.

Vint. Oh are you here ? I am glad I have found you, you are a couple of fine companions ; pray where's the cup you stole from the tavern ?

Rob. How how ? we stalle a cap, and had what you say ; we took not like cup-thieves when I can tell you, so I said.

Vint. Never deny't, for I know you have it, and Ile search you.

Rob. Search me, I and spare not : hold the cup Dick, come, come, search me, search me.

Vint. Come on sirs, let me search you now.

Dick, I, I doe, doe, doe, hold the cup Robe, I feare no harme thing : we scorn to ffeal your cap I can tell you.

Vint. Never outface me for the matter, for here the cup is yours, you two.

Here you lie, its beyond us both, a silent ringing

Wit.

Vint.

*Vint.* A plague take you, I thought twas your knowledg to  
take it away : Come give it me again.

*Rob.* I much, when can you tell ? Dicke, make them Chafe,  
and stand close to my back, and fitnesse fit thy lifel. *Enter*  
you shall have your Captain, for nothing Dicke : O prayd O.  
*Dermorgon, Belcher, and the rest of his party.*

*Exit Mephistophilis.*

*Meph.* You Princeely Legions of hellish Rule, regard but A  
How am I vexed by those viles Churfes ; regard lay on ed T.  
From *Constantinople* have they brought me now, *Enter* O  
Onely for pleasure of these damned slaves.

*Rob.* By Lady sir, you have had a fawnd joynty of it : will it  
please you take a shouther of Musson for Hippis, and a Tunes in  
your porce, and go back againe, *Enter* of iugement *Enter* *Albion* O.

*Dicke.* I, pray you heartily sir, for we calld you but in jest  
I promise you.

*Meph.* To purge the rashnes of this cursed Snell,  
First, be thou turned to this ugly shope,  
For a shpe deedes transformed thou Apel.

*Rob.* O brave, an Apel ! I pray sir let me have the carrying  
of him about to shew some tricks.

*Meph.* And so thou shal : be thou transformed to a Dogge,  
and carrie bift upon thy back, every begone,

*Rob.* A dog ! that's excellente : let the Maids look well to  
their Poridge-pots, for I'le into the Kitchen presently : come  
Dicke, come.

*Meph.* Now with the flames of ever burning fire,  
I le wng my self, and forth with the wind, *Enter* *Cleomenes* *Enter*  
Unto my Fansies to the great Turkey Courte.

*Enter Martine and Frederick at several dores.*

*Mart.* What ho, Officers, Gentlemen :  
Hie to the presence to attend the Emperour,  
Good Frederike let the roomes be voided straight,  
His Majestie is coming to the Hall.

Go back, and see the State inредини

Fri. But where is *Bruno* our elected Pope,  
That on a stork's back came post from *Rome*?  
Will not his grace comfort the Emperor & am pale? *Быть*  
Mart. O yes and with him comes the German Conjuror,  
The learned *Faustus*, sonne of *Wittenberg*,  
The wonder of the World for Magick Art,  
And he intends to shew great *Cordes*.  
The race of all his stout Progenitors:  
And bring in presence of his Majesty  
The royal shapes and perfect simblances  
Of *Alexander* and his beauteous *Parmour*.

Fri. Where is *Benicio*? *Сидит* в здании  
Mart. Half asleep I warrant you,  
He took his soule with draught of Rhennish wine  
So kindly yesternight to *Bruno*'s health,  
That all this day the sluggard keeps his bed.

Fri. See see, his Windows's, ope, we'll call to him.

Mart. What do, *Benicio*, *Вставай* и види!

Enter *Benicio* shewing at a window, in his night-cap: buttoning his eard

*Benu*. What a Devil aile you two? *Что вы*?

Mart. Speak softly Sir, least the Devil hear you.  
For *Ferdinand* the Court is late arriv'd,  
And at his heels ten thousand Forces wait,  
To accomplish whatsoever the Doctor please.

*Benu*. What of this?  
Mart. Come leave thy Chamber first, and thou shalt see  
This Conjuror performe such rare exploits  
Before the Pope and royal Emperor,

As never yet was seen in *Germany*.

*Benu*. Has not the Pope enough of Conjuring yet?  
He was upon the Devil's back late enough,  
And if he be so far in love with him,  
I would he wold post with him to *Rome* again.

*Fra. Speak with them come and see this sport.*

*Brun. Not I, till you bid me stand by the window.*

*Aldo. Wilt thou stand in thy window and see it, then?*

*Brun. I, and I shall not alleep i'th mean time.*

*Marc. The Emperour is at hand, who comes to see*

*What wonders by black spis may compast be.*

*Brun. Well go you attend the Emperour: I am content for  
this once to thrust my head out at the window: for they say  
if a man be drank over-night, the Devil cannot hurt him in  
the morning: if that be true, Mavra charme in my head shall  
controulle him as well as the Conjuror, I warrant you.*

*A. Senr. Charles the German Emperor, Brun  
Saxony, Faustus, Josephophilus, Frederick  
Matzino, and Attendants.*

*Emp. Wonder of men, renown'd Magician,  
Thrice learned Faustus, welcome to our Court.  
This deed of thine in setting Bruno free,  
From his and our professed enemy,  
Shall add more excellency unto thine Art,  
Than if by powerful Necromantick spells,  
Thou couldst command the worlds obedience,  
For ever be belov'd of Carols.  
And if this Bruno thou haft late redeem'd  
In peace possesse the triple Diadem,  
And sit in Peters Chair despite of chance,  
Thou shalt be famous thorow all Italy,  
And haund'ed of the German Emperour.*

*Faust. Those glorious words, most royal Carols,  
Shall make poor Faustus to his utmost power,  
Both love and serve the German Emperour,  
And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet.  
For proove whereof, if so your Grace be pleas'd,  
The Doctor stands prepar'd by power of Art,  
To cast his Magicke charmes that shall pierce thorow  
The Ebon gates of ever-burning Hell,  
And bale the stubborne Furies fram their Caves,*

The Tragical History

To compas wherefore your Grace commandeth us?

*Ben.* Blood he speaks terribly; but for all that I do not greatly believe him; he looks as like a Conjuror, as the Hope to a Costermonger.

*Emp.* Then Faustus, as thou late didst promise us,  
We would behold that famous Conjuror, and know what  
Great Alexander and his Paramount,  
In their true shapes, and state Majestical, can find of us and us.  
That we may wonder at their Excellencies, and think ad nunc ad illa.

*Fau.* Your Majesty shall see them presently; it is imminent and  
*Meph.* before they are away,  
And with a solemn noise of Trumpets sound,  
Present before the Royal Emperor, in such time,  
Great Alexander and his beauteous Paramount.

*Meph.* Faustus, I will with her, entreat.  
*Ben.* Well M. Doctor, and your Devils come not away  
quickly, you shall have me asleep presently; whom I could eat  
my self for anger, to think I have been such an Asbol all this  
while to stand gaping after the Devils Governing, and can see  
nothing.

*Fau.* We make you feel some thing anon if my Art fail  
me not.

My Lord I must forewarn your Majesty,  
That when my Spirits present their Royal shapes,  
Of Alexander and his Paramount,  
Your Grace demand no questions of the King,  
But in dumbe silence let them come and go.

*Emp.* Be it as Faustus pleases, we are contented therewith.  
*Ben.* I, I, and I am content too; and touching Alexander  
and his Paramount before before the Emperor, let me affeare,  
and turn my self to a Star.

*Fau.* And I'll play Diomed, and send you the Horses  
presently.

Be it as Faustus will, yet he  
will be about his business.

With gaudy raiment, and the like apparel.

Serv. Enter at the door the Emperor Alexander, & the wher-  
Darius. They meet. Darius is the first to speak. Alexander will  
him, takes off his Crown, and gives it him. Alexander then  
meets him : he embraceth her, & the King of Persia covers her  
head : and coming to Faustus, he taketh off his helmet, & drawing  
his scree, offers to strike his head off. Faustus fearing,  
suddenly stayes him. Then Faustus sayeth, and Marcellus laudeth.

My gracious Lord, you do forget none selfe.  
They are but shadows, not substantiallē.

Emp. O pardon me, my thoughts are so ravished with sight  
of this renowned Emperour, that in mine armes I would have  
compass him. But Faustus, since I may not speak to them, to  
satisfie my longing thoughts at full, let me this tell thee : I have  
heard it said, that this fair Lady while she livd on earth, had  
on her neck a little Wart, or Mole, how may I prove this saying  
to be true?

Faust. Your Majestie may boldly go and see.

Emp. Faustus, I see it plain,  
And in this sight thou better pleasest me  
Than if I gain'd another Monarchie.

Faust. Away hasty. See, see my gracious Lord, what strange Beast is yon,  
That think'st his head out at the window.  
Emp. O wonderful sight ! see Ducas of Sestos,  
Two spreading hornes most stately bauisht,  
Upon the head of young Demosthenes.  
Max. What is he alleep or dead ?  
Emp. He lieth my Lord, but dreams not of his hornes.  
Emp. This sport is fayrely done : we'll call and waken him,  
What ho, Demosthenes.

Ben. A plague upon you, for me sleep awhile.

Emp. I blame thee not to sleep much having such a head as  
thine own.

Sax. Look up Bernold, tis the Emperour calls for thee.

Ben. The Emperour ? where ? my head, my head.

Emp. Nay, and thy hornes hold, thin no matter for thy head,  
for that's arm'd sufficiently.

Faust. Faust.

Fauſt. Why now fir Knight, what hang'd by the horneſſ  
this is moſt horriblie: he, he, pull in your head for shame, let  
moſt all the world wonder at you.

Ben. Doctor, if this your vilenie?

Fauſt. O'fay not fo'ſit the Doctor has no ſkil,

No, Art, no cumming to preſent theſe Lords,

Or bring before theſe Royle Emperour

The mighty Monarch warlike Alexander

If Faſſus do it, you are ne'er involveſ

In bold Aſſau ſhape to cum t' ſting,

And therefore my Lord to pleiſt your Majeffie,

Ile rufe a Kennel of hounds that hunt him fo,

And all his boorishneſſe ſhall ſcarce prevail,

To keep his Gartere from their bloody phangs.

Ho. Holmeſ, Argirou, Aſſauſe.

Ben. Hold, hold, hee! rufe up a Kennel of Devils I think  
anon: good my Lord, intreat for me, I am never able to endure  
theſe torments.

Emp. Then good Mr. Doctor.

Let me intreat you to remove his horneſſ

He hath done penance now ſufficientlie.

Fauſt. My gracious Lord, not ſo muſh for injorie done to  
me, aſto delight your Majeffie with ſome mirth, hath ~~peſſas~~  
juſtly required this injurious ~~teſt~~ which being all I deſire, I am  
content to remove his horneſſ: May I not then transform him?  
and hereafter fir, looke you ſpeak well of Simion.

Ben. Speak well of yee? ſtoot and Scholen be with Cudſold  
makers to clap horneſſ upon honest men's headeſ of this order, Ile  
nere truft loomth facs, and ſmall blinde more: but an I be not  
reveng'd for this, would I might be turn'd to a ſpurny Oyster,  
and drink nothing but ſalt water.

Emp. Come Faſſus, while the Emperour liues,

In recompence of this high diſert,

Thou ſhalt command the ſtate of Germany,

And live belov'd of mighty Carolus:

Enter Benalio, Martia, Frederick, and ſoldiers.

Mart. Nay ſweet Benalio, let us ſway thy thoughts  
from this attempt againſt the Conjuror.

Ben.

*Bon.* Away, you love me not to urge me thus,

Shall I let slip so great an injury,

When every servile groom jeals at my wrongs,

And in their rustick Gambols proudly say,

*Bon.* In his head was grac'd, with horns to day

*O* may their eye-lids often close again,

Till with my sword I have the Conjuror slain,

If you will aid me in this enterprize,

Then draw your weapons and be resolute,

If not, depart; here will Bonaparte die,

But Raufus' death shall give thy infante

*Fred.* Nay we will stay with thee, bethink what may befall,

And kill the Doctor if he come this way.

*Bon.* Then gentle Frederick bid thee to the Grove,

And place our friends and our followers,

Clos'd in such a thicket behind the trees,

By this I know the Conjuror near,

I saw him kneel and kill the Emperor's hand,

And take his leave laden with rich reward,

Then Soldiers bravely fight,

Take you the woman, leave the soldiers.

*Fred.* Come, Soldiers follow me to the Grove,

Who kills him shall have gold and purple laces.

*Exit Frederick with the Soldiers.*

*Bon.* My head is lighter than a swan's death-flame,

But yet my heart is more peevish than my hand,

And pants until I see the Conjuror dead.

*Mari.* Where shall we place our selves Bonaparte?

*Bon.* Here will we stay to hide the first affright,

O were that damned hill-bound but in peace,

How soon should it set me quiet, my first affright.

*Enter Frederick.*

*Fred.* Close, close, the Conjuror's hand,

And all alone comes walking in his Gown;

Reverend-like, and like a God, Fredrik down,

*Bon.* Mine be that honor then, now friend strike home,

For horses he gave, 'tis honor to stand upon.

**Enter Farns with his friends** in call for him.

*Mart.* See, see he comes! *Ben.* No words, think no endowments, bring me here to you!

**Faust.** Oh. —

*Fred.* Grone you Master Doctor? *Ben.* Break may his heart with grones, dear *Fredrick*, see,

*Mrs.* Struck with a sudden kind of qualm.

*Was this that firm Alfred that awful frost*

Made the grim Monarch of infernal spirits.

*Mrs. Was this that damned bairn whole heire conspi-  
red*

*Ben. I that's the fact; and there she budy lieb.*

**Fred.** Come let's devise how we may add more damage.

To the black scandal of his base conduct.

Within the window where he took'd me first,  
That all the world may see my just revenge,

*Mars, William Hollingshead has been elected  
Pres. of the Hollingshead Savings & Loan Association.*

Birchin Brocks I warrant you will be well at all times and qd  
End. "What doth this world profit me if I have not VV. v. 16.

**Box.** We shall then this system, and they shall have for but  
one to bind us, to give but little trouble, and nothing told now.

*Mari.* An excellent police journal now five years old.

**Ben.** The Devil will be a good master to you, I warrant.

Fred. Give him his hand and they've got no one like him.  
Faust. Nay keep it! I am not fit to hold it.

I call your Lenten fasts to compare with these.  
Know ye not Travellers have dined and supped  
in towns, before they came to their lodgings,  
and so have had time to wash and change  
their clothes, and to go to bed?

For four and twentie years to breath on earth,

of DOCTOR Faustus.

And had you cut my body with your swords,  
Or hew'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,  
Yet in a minute had my life return'd,  
And I had breath'd a man made free from harm.  
But wherefore do I daily my revenge?

*Aberab, Belimoth, Mephastophilis.*

*Enter Mephisto, and other Devils.*

Go horse these Traitors on your fiery backs,  
And mount aloft with them at high as heaven,  
Then pitch them headlong to the lowest hell:  
Yet stay the world shall see their misery,  
And hell shall after plague their treachery.

Go Belimoth, and take this caitiff hence,  
And hurl him in some lake of mud and durt  
Take thou this other, drag him thorough the woods,  
Among the pricking thornes and sharpest bryers,  
Whilest with my gentle *Mephastophilis*,  
This Traitor flies unto some steepy rock,  
That rowling down, may break the villains bones,  
As he intended to dismember me.  
Fly hence, dispatch my charge immediately.

*Fred.* Pitty us gentle *Faustus* save our lives,

*Faust.* Away.

*Fred.* He must needs go that the Devil drives.

*Exeunt Spirits with the Knights.*

*Enter the Ambush, Soldiers.*

1. *Sould.* Come sirs prepare your selves in readinesse,  
Make hast to help these noble Gentlemen,  
I heard them party with the Conjuror.

2. *Sould.* See where he comes, dispatch and kill the slave;

*Faust.* what's here? an ambush to betray my life?  
Then *Faustus* try thy skill: base Peasants stand  
For loe the trees remove at my command,  
And stand as Bulwark, twirr your selves and me,  
To sheld me from your hatred treachery;  
Yet to encounter this your weak attempt,  
Behold an Army comes incontinent.

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Faustus strikes the door, and enter a Devil playing upon a drum; after him another bearing an Ensign: and divers with weapons; Mephostophilis with fire-works; they set upon the Soldiers and drive them out.

Enter at several doors Benuolio, Frederick, and Martino, their heads and faces bloody, and besmeared with mud and dirt, bearing all burns on their heads.

Mart. What ho, Benuolio? or Benuolio, what art thou?

Ben. Here, what Frederick, ho?

Fred. O gentle friend, where is Martino?

Half smothered in a Lake of mud and dirt,

through which the furies drame by the heele.

Fred. Martino see,

Benuolio's horns again.

Mart. O misery, how now Benuolio?

Ben. Defend me heaven, shall I be haunted still?

Mart. Nay fear not man, we have no power to kill.

Ben. My friends transform'd thus: O hellish spine,

Your heads are all set with horns.

Fred. You hit it right,

It is your own you mean, feel on your head.

Ben. What, horns agen.

Mart. Nay chafe not man, we are all sped.

Ben. What Devil attends this damn'd Magician,

That spight of spight, our wrongs are doubled?

Fred. What may we do that we may hide our shame?

Ben. If we should follow him to work revenge,

Hee'd joyn long Asses ears to these huge horns,

And make us laughing-stocks to all the World.

Mart. What shall we then do, dear Benuolio?

Ben. I have a Castle joyning near these Woods,

And thither weel repair, and live obscure,

Till time shall alter these our British shapes,

Sith black disgrace hath thus eclipsit our fame?

Weel rather dye with grief, than live with shame.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter

*Enter Faustus, and the Horse-conferer,  
and Mephostophilis.*

*Horse.* I beseech your Worship accept of these forty Dollars.

*Faust.* Friend; thou canst not buy so good a Horse for so small a price: I have no great need to sell him, but if thou likest him for ten Dollars more, take him, because I see thou hast a good mind to him.

*Horse.* I beseech you sir accept of this? I am a very poor man, and have lost very much of late by Horse-flesh and this bargain will set me up again.

*Faust.* Well I will not stand with thee, give me the money, now serra I must tell you, that you may ride him ore hedge, and ditch, and spare him not, but do you hear? in any case ride him not into the water.

*Horse.* How sir, not into the water? why will he not drink of all waters?

*Faust.* Yes, he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into the water: ore hedge and ditch, or where thou wilt: but not into the water; go bid the Hostler deliver him unto you, and remember what I say.

*Horse.* I warrant you sir; O joyful day, now am I a made man for ever.

*Exit.*

*Dwarf.* What art thou *Faustus*, but a man condemned to die? Thy fatal time draws to a final end: Dilpare doth drive distrust into my thoughts. Confound these passions with a quiet sleep, Then rest thee *Faustus* quiet in conceit,

*He firs to sleep.*

*Enter the Horse-conferer.*

*Horse.* O what a cozening Doctor was this? Tiding my horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery had been in the horse, I had nothing under me but a little isaw, and had much ado to escape drowning; Well Ile go rouse him and make him give me my forty Dollars again. Ho serra

*Doctor.*

Doctor, you cosening scab, Master Doctor awake and rise, and give me my mony again, for your horse is turned to a bottle of Hay, Mr. Doctor. S'foot I think hee's rotten. *He pulls of his Alas I am undone, what shall I do? I have puld off his leg.* (leg

Fauſt. O help, help, the villain has murtherd me.

Horse. Murder or not murder, now he hath but one leg. He out-ran him, and cast this leg into some ditch or other.

Fauſt. Stop him, stop him, stop him——— ha, ha, ha, Fauſt, hath his leg again, and the Horse-courſer a bundle of Hay, for his forty Dollars.

*Enter Wagner.*

How now Wagner, what newes with thee?

Wag. If it please you the Duke of Vanbols doth earnestly intreat your company, and hath ſent ſome of his men to attend with provision fit for your journie.

Fauſt. The Duke of Vanbols's an honourable Gentleman and one to whom I muſt be no niggard of my cunning, Come away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Clown, Dic, Horse-courſor, and a Carter.*

Cart. Come my Masters, lie bring you to the beſt beer in Europe, what ho, Holſteſſe: where be theſe whores?

*Enter Hoſteſſe.*

Hoſteſſe. How now, what lack you? What my old Guests? welcome.

Clow. Sirra Dic, doſt know why I ſtand ſo mute?

Dic. No Robin, why i'c?

Clow. I am eighteen pence on the ſcore, but ſay nothing, ſee if ſhe haue forgotten me.

Hoſteſſe. Who is this that stands ſo ſolemnly by himſelf? What my old Guest?

Clow. O Hoſteſſe how do you? I hope my ſcore stands ſtill?

Hoſteſſe. I there's no doubt of that, for me thinkes you make no haſt to wipe it out.

Dic. Why Hoſteſſe, I ſay fetch us ſome Beer.

Hoſteſſe. You ſhall preſently, looke up into the Hall there ho.

Dic. Come ſirs, what ſhall we do till mine Hoſteſſe comes?

*Cari.*

*Cart.* Marry sir, I'll tell you the bravest tale how a Conjuror serv'd me : you know Doctor Faustus ?

*Horse.* I, a pox take him, here's some on's have cause to know him ; did he conjure thee too ?

*Cart.* I'll tell you how he serv'd me : At ~~it~~ was going to Wittenberg t'other day with a load of Hay, he met me, and asked me what he should give me for as much Hay as he could eat ? now sir, I thinking that a little would serve his turn had him take as much as he would for three farthings ; so he presently gave me money, and fell to eating, and as I am a curst man, he never left eating, till he had eat up all my Load of Hay.

*All.* O monstrous, eat a whole load of Hay.

*Clow.* Yes, yes, that may be, for I have an Uncle that did eat a whole load of Logs.

*Horse.* Now sirs, you shall hear how villainously he serv'd me, I went to him yesterday to buy a Horse of him, and he would by no means sell him under fortie Dollers ; so sir, because I knew him to be such a horse as would run over hedge & ditch, and never tire, I gave him his monie : so when I had my horse, Doctor Faustus bid me ride him night and day, and spare him not : but, quoth he, in any case ride him not into the water. Now sir, I thinking the horse had had some rare qualtie that he would not have me know of, what did I but ride him into a great River, and when I came just into the midst, my horse vanish't away, and I fate stradling upon a bottle of Hay.

*All.* O brave Doctor.

*Horse.* But you shall hear how bravelie I serv'd him for it ; I went me home to his house, and there I found him asleep ; I whoop'd and hollowed in his ears, but could not wake him ; I seeing that, took him by the legg, and never rested pulling, till I had pul'd his leg quite off and now 'tis at home in my bostry.

*Clow.* And has the Doctor but one leg then ? that's excellent then, for one of his Divels turn'd me into the likense of an Apes-face.

*Cart.* Some more drink Hostess.

*Dir.* Hostess, will you not give us a Song.  
You sung us a fine Song  
When we were here last.

*Host.* Talk of Songs as soon as y' come into a house,  
Let's see what Guests you'll be first, you do not call  
For drink fast enough, I am a cup too low yet.

*Clow.* Where are you, Dick-epiget, fill us six Cans.

*Host.* I marry, now you can call apace, but have  
You any money to pay for them.

*Clow.* O yes Hostess, money in both pockets.

*Host.* Come then, give me a Can.

*Host.* Here's to you Hostess.

*Host.* I thank ye, what song shall I sing?

*Carr.* Good sweet Hostess, sing my song.

*Host.* What's that?

*Carr.* The Chimney high.

*Dick.* No, no, a Swallows nest.

*Host.* All you that will look for a Swallows nest, a Swallows  
Must look in the Chimney high.

*Dick.* Now pray Hostess Sing my song too.

*Host.* Prethee what is't?

*Dick.* You know, the song you sung when we were last here.

*Clow.* Now Hostess you know She sings again,  
I owe you eighteen pence.

*Host.* I know you do.

*Clow.* Sing me but one song more, and I'll give you  
Eighteen pence more for it, which is just five shillings.

*Host.* Three shillings you fool.

*Clow.* Why, three and five is all one to me.

*Carr.* Robin, Robin, you say you have monie in both  
Pockers, pay this reckoning, we'll pay the next  
We paid for you last.

*Clow.* VVho'll le pay for none of you, I have none for  
my self.

*Host.* I thought so, you that cal'd and cal'd so fast,  
VVould shrink your head out of the collar at last,  
But I hope, as you brought us on, you'll bring us off.

*Clow.* I warrant you lads, let me alone to conjure her,  
Get me a piece of Chalk.

*Host.* VVhat to do.

*Clow.* Pish, let me a lone.

*She sings.*

*Host.*

*Hoff.* Come now, where is my reckoning? (Can.)

*Clow.* Here, here Hostel, here, what's this, I t' Chalks a

*Host.* Two pence.

*Clow.* VVhat's this. I I I I.

*Host.* A Groat.

*Clow.* And this, C.

*Host.* Six pence.

*Clow.* And this, O.

*Host.* VVhy, a shilling.

*Clow.* And this, C.

*Host.* Tis six pence.

*Clow.* VVhat comes it all too?

*Host.* Three shillings.

*Clow.* Here take it Hostel, take it, ha, ha, ha;

*Curt.* O brave Robin, ha, ha, ha.

*Host.* I hope you don't mean to pay me thus,

VVhy this is but chalk.

*Clow.* Chalk and Cheese is all one to us, for truly we  
Have no monie Lanladie, but wee'll pay you

Very honestly, when we come again.

*Exeunt.*

*Host.* Look you do,

VVel, I am deeply in my Brewers score,

But the best on't is, he durst as well be haog'd

As tell his wife.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the Duke of Vanbort, his Duchess, Faustus,  
and Mephostophilis.*

*Duke.* Thanks Master Doctor for these pleasant sights,  
Nor know I how sufficiently to recompence your great  
Deserts, in erecting that enchanted Castle in the Aire;  
The sight whereof so delighteth me  
As nothing in the world could please me more.

*Faust.* I do think my self my good Lord, higly recompenced,  
in that it hath pleased your Grace to think but well of that  
which Faustus hath performed. But gracious Lady, it may be  
that you have taken no pleasure in those sights; therefore I  
pray you tell me what is the thing you most desire to have, Be  
it

It in the World, it shall be yours : I have heard that great bel-  
lied women do long for things are rare and dainty.

Lady. True Master Doctor, and since I finde you so kind, I  
will make known unto you what my heart desires to have, and  
were it now Summer, as it is January, a dead time of the winter,  
I would request no better meat then a dish of ripe Grapes.

Faust. This is but a small matter : go Mephostophilis away,  
*Exit Mepho.*

Madam, I will do more then this for your content.

*Enter Mephostophilis again with the Grapes.*

Meph. Here, now taste ye these, they should be good,  
For they came from a far Country, I can tell you,

Duke. This makes me wonder more then all the rest, that  
at this time of the year when every tree is barren of his fruit,  
from whence you had these Grapes.

Faust. Please it your Grace, the year is divided into two  
circles over the whole world, so that when it is winter with us,  
in the contrary circle it is likewise Summer with them, as in India, Saba, and such Countries that lye far East, where they  
have fruit twice a year. From whence by means of a swift spi-  
rit that I have, I had these Grapes brought as you see.

La. And trust me they are the sweetest grapes that ere I tasted

*The Clown bounceth at the gate within.*

Duke. VVhat rude disturber have we at the gate,  
Go pacifie their furie, set it ope,  
And then demand of them what they would have.

*They knock again, and call out to talk with Faustus,*

A servant. Why how now Masters, what a coile is there ?  
What is the reason you disturbe the Duke ?

Dic. We have no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.

Ser. VVhy saucy Varlets, dare you be so bold ? (welcome  
Hors. I hope fit, we have wit enough to be more bold then

Ser. It appears so, pray be more bold elsewhere.  
And trouble not the Duke,

Duke. What would they have ?

Ser. They all cry out to speak with Dr. Faustus

*Curt.*

of Doctor Faustus.

Cart. I, and we will speak with him.

Duke. Will you sir? Commit the Raskals

Dick. Commit with us, he were as good commit with his Father as commit with us.

Faust. I do beseech your Grace let them come in,  
They are good subjects to merriment.

Duke. Do as thou wilt Faustus, I give thee leave.

Faust. I thank your Grace.

Enter the Clown, Dick, Carter and Horse courser.

Why how now my good friends? faith your are too outragious  
But come near I have procur'd your pardons: welcome all.

Clow. Nay sir, we will be welcome for our money, and we  
will pay for what we take: What ho, gives half a dozen of  
Beer here and be hang'd.

Faust. Nay bark you, can you tell where you are?

Cart. I marrie can I, we are under heaven.

Ser. I but sit fance-box, know you in what place?

Horse. I, I, the house is good enough to drink in, come, fill  
us some Beer, or wee'l break all the barrels in the house, and  
dash out all your brains with the Bottles.

Faust. Be not so furious, come, you shall have Beer,  
My Lord, beseech you give me leave a while,  
Ile gage my credit, 'twill content your Grace.

Duke. With all my heart Iind Doctor, please thy self,  
Our servants and our Court's at thy command,

Fau. I humbly thank your Grace; then fetch some Beer.

Horse. I marrie, there spake a Doctor indeed, and faith Ile  
drink a health to thy wooden Leg for that word.

Faust. My wooden Leg? what dost thou mean by that?

Cart. Ha, ha, ha, dost hear him Dick, he has forgot his Leg.

Horse. I, I, he does not stand much upon that.

Faust. No faith, not much upon a wooden Leg.

Car. O that flesh and blood should be so frail with your wor-  
ship: do you remember a Horse-courser you sold a horse to?

Faust. Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

Cart. And how you bid him not ride him into the water.

Faust. Yes, I do very well remember that.

Cart. And do you remember nothing of your Leg.

Fau. No in good sooth. Car. Then remember your word.

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Faust. Thank you sir.

Car. Tis not so much worth : I pray tell me one thing.

Faust. What's that ?

Car. Be both your legs bed-fellows every night together ?

Faust. Wouldst thou make a Colossus of me , that thou ask'st  
me such questions ?

Car. No truely sir, I would make nothing of you, but I  
would fain know that.

Enter Hostes with drink.

Faust. Then I assure thee certainly they are.

Car. I thank you I am fully satisfied.

Faust. But wherefore dost thou ask ?

Car. For nothing sir : but me think you should have a  
wooden bed-fellow of one of'em.

Horse. Why do you heare sir, did I not pull off one of your  
legs when you were asleep ?

Faust. But I have it again now ? look you here sir.

Om. How let's feel.

Horse. Tother leg.

Clow. Both together.

All. O horrible, had the Doctor three legs ?

Car. Do you remember sir, how you cosened me and eat up  
my load of —— hay a, a, a.

Faustus charms him dumb.

Dick. Do you remember how you made me were an  
Apes —— fa, a, a, a.

Horse. You whorson conjuring scab, do you remember how  
you cosened me with a ho —— ho, ho, ho.

Clow. Have you forgotten me ? you think to carry it away  
with your Hey-pass and Re-pass : do you remember the dogs  
fa —— fa, fa, fa.

Exit Clowes.

Host. Who payes for the Ale ? here you Mr. Doctor, now  
you have sent away my guests , I pray who shall pay me for  
my A ——

Exit Hostes.

Lady. My Lord,

We are much beholden to this learned man.

Duke. So are we Madam , which we will recompence.

With

of Doctor Faustus.

With all the love and kindnesa that we may.  
His artful sports drive all sad thoughts away.

Exeunt.

*Thunder and Lightning*: Enter Devils with covered faces: Mephostophilis leads them into Faustus study: then  
*Enter Wagner.*

Act the Fifth.

*Wag.* I think my Master means to die shortly, he has made his will, and given me his wealth, his house, his goods, and store of golden plate, besides two thousand Duckets ready coin'd: I wonder what he means; if death were nye, he would not frolike thus: he's now at supper with the schollers, where ther's such belly-cheer as *Wagner* in his life never saw the like: and see where they come, belike the feast is ended. *Exit.*

*Enter Faustus, Mephostophilis, and two or three Schollers.*

1. Sch. M. Doctor *Faustus*, since our conference about fair Ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with our selves that *Helen of Greece* was the admirablest Lady that ever liv'd: therefore M. Doctor, if you will do us so much favour as to let us see that peerless dame of *Greece* whom all the world admires for Majestie, we should think our selves much beholding unto you.

*Fau.* Gentlemen for that I know your friendship is unfaid,  
It is not *Faustus* custome to deny  
The just request of those that wish him well;  
You shall behold that peerles Dame of *Greece*,  
No otherwise for pompe or Majestie,  
Than when sir *Paris* crost the Seas with her,  
And brought the spoiles to rich *Dardania*.  
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

*Musick sound. Mephost. brings in, Hellen, the passeth  
over the stage.*

2. Was this faire *Hellen*, whose admired worth,  
Made *Greece* with ten years Wars afflict poor *Troy*?

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3. Too simple is my will to tell her worth,  
Whom all the World admires for Majesty.

1. Now we have seen the pride of Natures work,  
We'll take our leaves, and for this blessed sight,  
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

*Exeunt Schollers.*

Faust. Gentlemen farewell; the same wish I to you.

*Enter an old man.*

Old man O Gentle Faustus leave this damned Art,  
This Magick that will charm thy soul to hell;  
And quite bereave thee of salvation.  
Though thou hast now offended like a man,  
Do not persevere in it like a Devil:  
Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soul,  
If sin by custome grow not into nature,  
Then (Faustus) will repentance come to late,  
Then thou art banisht from the sight of heaven;  
No mortal can expres the pains of hell.  
It may be this my exhortation  
Seems harsh and all unpleasant let it not,  
For gentle Son, I speak it not in wrath,  
Or of envy to thee, but in tender love,  
And pitty of thy future Misery,  
And so have hope, that this my kind rebuke,  
Checking thy body may amend thy soul.

Fau. Where art thou Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?

*Mephostophilis gives him a Dagger.*

Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice,  
Says Faustus come, thine hour is almost come,  
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

Old. O stay good Faustus, stay thy desperate stept,  
Call for mercy and avoid despair,

(soul.

Faust. O friend, I feel thy words to comfort my distressed  
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old. Faustus, I leave the but with grief of heart,  
Fearing the enemy of thy better part.

*Exit.*

Faust. Accursed Faustus, wretch what hast thou done?  
I do repent, and yet I do despair,

Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:

What

of Doctor Faustus.

What shall I do to shun the snare of death?

Meph. Thou Traitor Faustus I arrest thee  
For disobedience to my soveraigne Lord,  
Revolt, or lie in pece-meale tear thy flesh.

Faust. I do repent I e're offended him.

Sweat Mephostophilis intreat thy Lord  
To pardon my unjust presumption,  
And with my bloud again I will confirm  
The former vow I made to Lucifer.

Mep. Do it then Faustus with unfained heart;  
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

Faust. Torment, sweet friend that hate and aged man,  
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,  
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Me. His faith is great, I cannot touch his soul,  
But what I can afflict his body with  
I will attempt which is but little worth.

Fa. One thing good servant let me crave of thee,  
To glut the longing of my hearts desire,  
That I may have unto my Paramour,  
That heavenly Hellen which I saw of late,  
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish cleare  
Those thoughts that do dissuad me from my vow,  
And keep my vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. This or what else my Faustus shall desire,  
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Enter Hellen again, passing over between two Cupids.

Faust. Was this the face that laucht a thousand Ships,  
And burnt the tople's Towers of Ilium.  
Sweet Hellen make me immortal with a kiss;  
Her lips suck forth my soul see where it flies,  
Come Hellen, come give me my soul again,  
Here will I dwell for Heaven is in these lips,  
And all is dross that is not Helena.  
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,  
Instead of Troy shall Wissenberg be sackt,

kisses her

And

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And I will combat with weak Menians,  
And weare thy colours on my plumed crest,  
Yea I will wound Achilis in the heel,  
And then return to Hell for a kiss.  
O thou art fairer than the Evenings Ayre,  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand starrs ;  
Brighter art thou then flaming Jupiter,  
When he appeared to hapless Demel.  
More lovely then the Monarch of the skye,  
In wanton Arethusa's azurd arms,  
And none but thou shalt be my Paramour.

Exeunt;

*Thunder.* Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and  
Mephostophilis.

*Lucif.* Thus from infernal Dis do we ascend,  
Bringing with us the Deed  
The time is come ; which makes it forfeit

*Meph.* And this gloomy night,  
Here in this Room will wretched Faustus be.

*Belz.* And here weel stay  
To mark him how he doth demean himself.

*Meph.* How should he, but in desperate lunacy ?  
Fond worldling now his heart-blood dries with greif,  
His conscience kills ir, and his labouring brain  
Begets a world of ildle fantasies  
To over-reach the Divel ; but all in vain,  
His store of pleasures must be tauc'd with pain.  
He and his servant Wagner are at hand,  
Both come from drawing Faustus lateft Will,  
See where they come.

Enter Faustus and Wagner.

*Faust.* Say Wagner, thou hast peruv'd my Will,  
How dost thou like it

*Wag.* Sir, so wondrous vwell,  
As in all humble duty I do yeild

My

of Doctor Faustus.

My life and lasting service for you love.

*Enter the Scholars.*

Faust. Gramercy VVagner,

Welcome Gentlemen.

1. Novv vorthly Faustus, me thinks your looks are chang'd

Faust. Oh Gentlemen.

2. What ayles Faustus?

Fau. Ah my syweet Chamber-fellovv, had I liv'd vvith thee,  
Then had I lived still, but novv must die eternally,  
Look firs comes he not, comes he not?

3. O my dear Faustus, what imports this scar

2. Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy
3. He is not well with being over solitary.
2. If it be so, weel have physitians, and Faustus shall be cur'd.

3. Tis but a surfeit fear nothing

Faust. A surfeit of a deadly sin that hath undone me

2. Yet Faustus look up to heaven and remember mercy is infinite.

Faust. But Faustus offence can nere be pardoned:

O Gentlemen hear me with patience and tremble not at my speeches; though my heart pant and quiver to remeber that I have been a Student here these 30 years. O would I had never seen Wittenberge, never read book, and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness; yea all the world: for which, Faustus hath lost both Germany, and the world, yea Heaven it self: and must remain in Hell for ever. Hell, O Hell for ever. Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus being in Hell for ever?

o. Yet Faustus call on Heaven.

Faust. Whom Faustus hath abjur'd? whom Faustus hath blasphem'd? I would weep, but the Divel draws in my teares, Gush forth blood instead of tears. Oh he stayes my tongue: I would lift up my hands, but see they hold'em, they hold'em,

All. Who Faustus?

Faust. Why Lucifer and Mephostophilus, O Gentlemen,

I gave them my soul for my cunning.

All. Heaven forbid.

Faust. Heaven forbad it indeed, but Faustus hath done it : for the vain pleasure of four and twenty years , hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a Bill with mine own blood , the date is expired : this is the time and he will fetch me.

1. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that Divines might have prayed for thee.

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so : but the Devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I nam'd Heaven ; to fetch me body and soul if I once gave care to Divinity ; and now it is too late , Gentlemen away, least you perish with me.

2. O what may we doe to save Faustus ?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save your selves and depart.

3. God will strenthen me, I will stay with Faustus ?

1. Tempt not God sweet friend , but let us into the next room and pray for him.

Faust. I, pray for me , pray for me , and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me :

2. Pray thou and we will pray , that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen farewell : if I live till morning, Ile visit you ; if not Faustus is gone to Hell.

All. Faustus farewell.

Exeunt Schollers.

Meph. I Faustus now thou hast no hopes of Heaven,  
Therefore dispair, think only upon Hell,  
For that must be thy mansion there to dwell.

Faust. O thou bewitching Feind I twas thy temptation,  
Hath rob'd me of eternal hapiness.

Meph. I do confess it Faustus, and rejoice.  
Twas I, that when thou wert i'th way to 'eaven,  
Damin'd up thy passage, when thou took st the book,  
To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves,  
And led thine eye.

What weep'st thou tis to late ; despaire. Farewell.

Fools

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Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in Hell.

Exit.

*Enter the Good Angel, and the Bad as Scandal doo's.*

*Good.* O Father, if thou hadst given care to me,  
Innumerable joyes had followed thee  
But thou didst love the World.

*Bad.* Give unto me,  
And now must-tell Hell pains perpetually,

*Good.* O what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps,  
Avail thee now?

*Bad.* Nothing but vex thee more,  
To minc in Hell, that had on earth such store.

*Majick Whist Throne descendz.*

*Good.* O thou hast lost celestiall bipincts,  
Pleasures unspeakable,  
Hadst thou affected these Ditherry,  
Hell or the Devil had no dower matched :  
Hadst thou kept on that way, Foul no beheld,  
In what resplendant glory thou find fit  
In yonder Heaven, or thon bright abiding Saints,  
And triumph over all : thou hast thou lost  
And now (poor soul) must the good Angel leave thee,  
The jaws of Hell is ready to receive thee.

Exit.

*Scandal is purposed,*

*Bad.* Now Purposur shuns eyes with horrour stare,  
Into this vast pernicious maw himself,  
There are the Furnaces distrest souls,  
On burning fonsk, their bodies boyle in hand  
There are live quarters boylling on the Coles  
That ne're smidye : this over-burning Chair,  
Is for or'e torments fonsk to sett them in.  
These that are fed with foyre of burning fire,

OF Doctor Faustus.

Where gluttons, they lov'd only delicacies ;  
And hugh to see the poor starve at their gates :  
But yet all these are nothing, thou shalt see  
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

Faust. O I have seen enough to torture me.

Bar. Nay thou must see them, call the smart of all,  
He that loves pleasure, must for pleasure fall,  
And so I leave thee *Faustus* till anon, *Exit.*

7 be Clock strikes Eleven.

Faust. O *Faustus*, Now hast thou but one hour to live,  
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.  
Stand still you ever moving Spheares of Hea-ven  
That time may cease, and midnight never come, O ho !  
Fair natures eye , rile, rise again and make a long night  
Perpetual day , or let this house burn down, this world subside,  
A moneth, a week, a named day, oh omnipotency !  
That *Faustus* may repaire and save his soul.

O fence, lense, curring willow now,  
The Stars move still, none come, the Clock will strike,  
The Devil will come, and I must stand by who doest me wrong, A  
O lie leap up to Heaven, who will help me ? who will help me ?  
Yet will I call on it, O power of a greater world, he went out  
Where is it now ? tis gone.  
Mountains and Hills come, come and fall on me,  
And hide me from the heavy clouds of Heaven.  
No ; then will I headlong run into the earth :  
Gape earth, O no, do not chide me, I am full  
You Stars that reign'd at my birth, draw your stately count  
Whose influence hath allured me to this world, and will distract  
Now draw up Hell like old Babylon, and stablish evil there  
Into the entrals of your heart, where I may abide, Then when you wouldst send me to the world, then will I  
My Limbs may illes from me, but my soul is safe, But let my soul mount,

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O half the hour is past 'twil haile be past mon,  
O, if my soul most suffer for my sin,  
Impose some end to my incessant pain.  
Let *Faustus* live in Hell a thousand years,  
A hundred thousand and at the last be sav'd;  
No end is limited to damn'd souls.

Why were thou not a creature wanting soul?  
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?  
Oh *Phryganas*, *Mitenscias*, were that true,  
This soul should flye from me, & Ile be chang'd  
Into some brutish beast.  
All beasts are happy, for when they dye,  
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in Elements:  
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell,  
Curst be the Parents that engendred me:  
No *Faustus*, curse thy self, curse *Lucifer*,  
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

The Clock strikes twelve, now body turn to life,  
It strikes, it strikes, now body turn to life,  
Or *Lucifer* will bear me quick to them,  
O soul be chang'd into small water drops,  
And fall into the Ocean here be found.

### Thunder and enter the Devils.

O Mercy Heaven, too fierce to fierce on me,  
Adders and Serpents let me breathe a while;  
Ugly Hell gape not, come not *Lucifer*,  
Ile burn my books: Oh *Mephostophilis*

### Enter *Faustus*.

1. Come Gentlemen, let us go visit *Faustus*,  
For such a dreadful night was never seen,  
Since first the worlds creation did begin.  
Such fearful strokes and cries were never heard;

of Doctor Faustus.

Pray heaven the Doctor have escapt the danger.

2. O help us heavens, see here are Faustus limb's,  
All torn assunder by the hand of death.  
3. The Devil whom Faustus serv'd hath torn him thus :  
For twixt the hours of twelve and one, me thought  
I heard him strike and call aloud for help ;  
At which same time the booke seem'd all on fire  
With dreadful horror of these damn'd Blends.

2. Well Gentlemen, thou Faustus end be such,  
As every Christian heart lamentes to think on :  
Yet for he was a Scholler once admired  
For wondrous knowledge in our German Schools,  
We'll give his mangled limb's due buriall  
And all the Students clench'd in mourning black  
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.

Enter Chorus.

Cur is the branch that might have grown full bright,  
And burned in Appollo's Laurel bough,  
That sometime grew within this learned man's  
Faustus is gone, regard his Heilish fall,  
Whose sinfull former may enjot the sunne  
Only to wonder at such sinfull things,  
Whose deepnes doth incite such horrid wiles,  
To practice more than heavenly power permits,

Witches Banquet, ~~new~~ ~~old~~ ~~new~~ ~~old~~



